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# RIDDLES

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# RIDDLES,

&c. &c.

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## RIDDLE I.

IN deepest solitudes I most delight,  
Remote from cities, far from human sight ;  
Perfect in beauty, happy, and alone,  
I oft am mention'd, though I 'm never known.  
Yet men to me still constantly compare  
All that is curious, excellent, and rare :  
I feel the moment destined for my doom,  
And form at once an altar and a tomb ;  
But, wond'rous prodigy ! though I expire,  
I prove a father in consuming fire.



## RIDDLE II.

WHETHER derived from heaven, or sprung from earth,  
Philosophers, or sages, must decide !  
Demosthenes and Tully own'd my worth,  
With many a learned orator beside.

All polish'd nations have confess'd my sway ;  
No author without me can hope to please ;  
Clergy and laity my laws obey ;—  
I teach correctness, elegance, and ease.

I have a numerous family, whose names  
Were long to tell, and useless to relate ;  
Each has his different office, functions, claims,  
His separate place, and his appointed state.

My elder offspring ever present stay ;  
Some are just going, others wholly gone ;  
Some fix their prospects on a distant day ;  
The rest command or urge whate'er is done.

One other hint to this account I give,  
That what I am you easily may guess ;  
Whether you sleep or wake, or die or live,  
'Tis I alone the action can express.



RIDDLE III.

In spring I look gay,  
Deck'd in comely array ;  
In summer more clothing I wear ;  
As colder it grows,  
I throw off my clothes,  
And in winter quite naked appear.

---

RIDDLE IV.

I am a thing that many say  
Is bought with toil and trouble ;  
What all would wish for once a day,  
Yet few desire to double.

## RIDDLE V.

My education 's very hard,  
I 'm torn, and thump'd, and pounded ;  
And, lest the process should be marr'd,  
With iron gates I 'm bounded.

But when the whole is quite complete,  
And I am fully dress'd,  
It must be own'd I 'm very neat,  
Clad in my snow-white vest.

The sciences they next impress  
Upon my docile heart ;  
And commonly with great success,  
For I 've a taking part.

I 'm often to a lady sent,  
To plead her lover's woes ;  
And soothe the anxious discontent  
That from her coldness flows.

For many an end, for many a use,  
I serve, throughout the nation,  
For panegyric, or abuse,  
Or real information.

The rest had better be forgot,  
It cannot raise my fame ;  
I'm slave to lawyer, grocer, sot :—  
You sure can guess my name.

---

## RIDDLE VI.

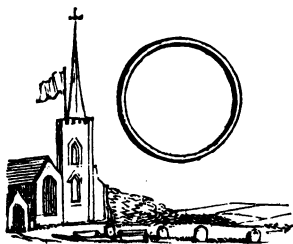
'T was late, emerging into birth,  
I lived the sov'reign of the earth ;  
To some I portion'd bitter tears,  
Affliction's pangs, and boding fears ;  
To some gave joy, to others health ;  
To some gave grandeur, fame, and wealth :  
With pow'ful arm dispensing wide  
Both good and ill on ev'ry side.  
Perhaps there are, whose grateful song  
Will laud my deeds, and love me long ;  
Perhaps there are, who mourn my reign,  
As fraught with tyranny and pain.  
Though some may laugh, and some may wail,  
'Twas heav'n alike that held the scale ;

And if prepond'rance sank it low,  
'T was greater good than greater woe.  
Full short and fleeting was my race,  
But chequer'd much the little space :  
The self-same hours of rolling time  
Beheld my form in ev'ry clime.  
Where am I now ? As with the dead !  
For ever lost, for ever fled.  
Can wisdom pierce the sable night,  
That darkly shrouds me in my flight ?  
Can struggling science tell or trace  
My refuge now and hiding-place ?  
I am a thing that once has been,  
That all have known and most have seen ,  
But quick my transient reign was o'er,  
And they who saw shall see no more.

---

## RIDDLE VII.

WHAT disappointed persons are ;  
What tailors always do ;  
Our grandmothers' delight declare,  
Though now despised by you.



RIDDLE VIII.

I 'm small of body, yet contain  
The extremes of pleasure and of pain ;  
I nor beginning have, nor end,  
More hollow than the falsest friend.  
If I entrap some heedless zany,  
Or in my magic circle any  
Have enter'd, from my sorcery  
No power on earth can set them free,—  
At least, all human force is vain,  
Or less than many hundred men.  
Though endless, yet nor short, nor long ;  
And what, though I 'm so wondrous strong,  
The veriest child, that 's pleased to try,  
Might carry fifty such as I.

## RIDDLE IX.

THERE is a book, which we may call  
    (Its excellence is such)  
Alone a library, though small ; —  
    The ladies thumb it much.

WORDS none, things numerous, it contains :  
    And, things with words compared,  
WHO needs be told, that has his brains,  
    Which merit most regard ?

OFTtimes its leaves, of scarlet hue,  
    A golded edging boast ;  
AND, open'd, it displays to view,  
    Twelve pages at the most.

NOR name, nor title, stamp'd behind,  
    Adorns its outer part ;  
BUT all within 't is richly lined,—  
    A magazine of art.

THE whitest hands that secret hoard  
    Oft visit : and the fair  
PRESERVE it, in their bosoms stored,  
    As with a miser's care.

Thence implements of every size,  
And form'd for various use,  
(They need but to consult their eyes)  
They readily produce.

The largest and the longest kind  
Possess the foremost page ;  
A sort most needed by the blind,  
Or nearly such, from age.

The full-charged leaf, which next ensues,  
Presents, in bright array,  
A smaller sort, which matrons use,  
Not quite so blind as they.

The third, the fourth, the fifth, supply  
What their occasions ask,  
Who, with a more discerning eye,  
Perform a nicer task.

But still, with regular decrease,  
From size to size they fall,  
In every leaf grow less and less ;  
The last are least of all.



O ! what a fund of genius, pent  
In narrow space, is here !  
This volume's method and intent  
How luminous and clear !  
It leaves no reader at a loss,  
Or posed, whoever reads ;  
No commentator's tedious gloss,  
Nor even index needs.

---

## RIDDLE X.

I never in a house was born,  
Nor did I ever fly ;  
And yet to make the puzzle out,  
I soar into the sky.  
I oft contain both life and breath,  
And yet I never die ;  
And though sometimes to remnants torn,  
I never heave a sigh.  
Oft, through ambition, I aspire,  
And go till I can go no higher ;  
And then, like many men, so great,  
I sink into a lower state.

## RIDDLE XI.

'Tis strange how people disagree  
About the title due to me :  
By some I 'm thought a savage beast ;  
But, what is still a better jest,  
To others I a waggon seem,  
Though I have neither shaft nor beam.  
Again, I was a human creature,  
Yet wanting every limb and feature ;  
'Tis likewise said, I pointers keep,  
Who never bark, nor ever leap :  
In short, I am so very strange,  
That should you through all nature range,  
In all your course you cannot meet  
A thing more odd, or more complete.

---

## RIDDLE XII.

A thing that 's insipid—a comical fellow,  
And dignity's mark in the East,  
Which may be either long, short, black, white, or yellow,  
And is generally found in a beast,  
A creature pourtrays, which appears in the spring,  
And you often have seen, but never heard sing.

## RIDDLE XIII.

PART of a tree—if right transposed—  
An insect then will be disclosed,  
Which robs me of my precious sleep,  
And makes me painful vigils keep.

---

## RIDDLE XIV.

I was born in a forest, and wear a green head,  
And with green heads am compass'd full oft,  
Some younger, some older,  
Some sly, and some bolder,  
Some harder, and some very soft.  
As various specks on my face do appear,  
Of different colours and shapes,  
So intent on the matter,  
Some grin, and some chatter,  
Like a parcel of monkeys or apes.  
By nature I 'm harmless ; but not so by art ;  
The art not my own, but my neighbour's ;  
If you suffer by me,  
Your own fault it must be,  
And you'll e'en have your pains for your labours.



RIDDLE XV.

EMBLEM of youth and innocence,  
With thorns enclos'd, for my defence,  
And with no care oppress'd ;  
I boldly spread my charms around,  
Till some rude lover breaks the mound,  
And takes me to his breast.

Here soon I sicken and decay,  
My beauty's lost, I'm turn'd away,  
And thrown upon the street ;  
Where I despised and rolling lie,  
Am trampled on by passers by,  
And num'rous insults meet.

Ladies, contemplate well my fate,  
Reflect upon my wretched state ;  
    Implore th' Almighty's aid,  
Lest you (which Heaven forbid !) like me,  
Come to contempt and misery,  
    Be ruin'd and betray'd.

---

## RIDDLE XVI.

No body I have,  
No food I e'er crave,  
And yet of long legs I have two ;  
    Yet I never walk,  
    And I never talk,  
Then what does my *nobody* do ?  
    If you move me, then I  
    Move most pliantly,  
And my feet always serve me for hands ;  
    I gather up all,  
    The great and the small,  
As my master or mistress commands.  
    If you straddle me wide,  
    I then cannot ride,  
And this for the best of all reasons ;

For nothing I 've got,  
On which I can trot,  
In winter or in summer seasons.  
Although you may stare,  
This is all I declare,  
So now tell my name, if you can ;  
I 'll farther make known,  
In the same honest tone,  
I 'm neither child, woman, nor man.

---

## RIDDLE XVII.

SAY, what is that the infant smile displays,  
Whilst on its little form we fondly gaze ;  
And, like a circling halo, seems to shed  
A lambent glory round its lovely head ?  
But soon, too soon, alas ! in after life,  
Amidst conflicting passions' raging strife,  
The charm is lost ; and then we vainly mourn  
This first best gift which never can return !  
Happy the few, who, in the arms of death,  
Hold fast this treasure to their latest breath ;  
Serenely they may sink into the tomb,  
" And wake to rapture in a life to come."

## RIDDLE XVIII.

IN colours I'm various—  
A cameleon in change ;  
Through stars, crowns, and diamonds  
I take a wide range :  
Then, leaving these treasures  
Of nobles and kings,  
I turn me to flowers,  
And humbler things.  
I'm uniform always—  
And that you'll think strange ;  
For one so capricious,  
An instant will change.

---

## RIDDLE XIX.

THOUGH made by art, 'tis nature gives me voice ;  
I answer all, yet never speak, by choice :  
One only language I can talk, yet should  
In every country be understood.  
Unless peculiarly inspired, I'm dumb ;  
I know not what is past, nor what's to come.  
What I said yesterday, to-day is new,  
And will be so to-morrow, yet be true.



RIDDLE XX.

WHAT is that syren, whose enchanting song  
Draws the unthinking multitude along ;  
That feeds, with faithless hopes and luring bait,  
The poor deluded wretch she means to cheat ?  
Men call her false, inconstant, cruel, vain,—  
Yet seek her favours with unwearied pain :  
Th' unhappy bear her frowns, still led away  
With expectation of a better day ;  
Th' ambitious court her smiles :—only the wise  
Both her and all her gilded pomp despise ;  
Her fairy kingdom, her fantastic good,  
Remote, alluring ; nothing, nearer view'd.



## RIDDLE XXI.

ATTEND, ye fair maidens, awhile,  
I pray you attend to my lay ;  
And should I awaken a smile,  
My trouble that smile will repay.

Go quickly, and search in the bowers,  
There cull the sweet rose in its bloom ;  
The finest of all Flora's flowers,  
And shedding the richest perfume.

And yet, pretty maids, I declare,  
That mine is as lovely a hue ;  
No roses with me shall compare,  
Whene'er *you* display me to view.

The rose is a short blooming flower ;  
Its beauty may die in a day :  
Thus brief is my magical pow'r,  
Fast coming, and fading away.

When secrets by chance may transpire,  
That tend to the slightest disgrace,  
You see me rise higher and higher :—  
Now guess both my name and my place.

## RIDDLE XXII.

YE Nine, descend from your Aonian hill,  
And deign to guide a minor's humble quill,  
Who now commences, in a first effort  
To please the fair and aid their Christmas sport ;  
Begs their attention to his mystic lore,  
And hopes to tell a tale ne'er told before.  
To boast of birth were spending time in vain  
Ere Moses liv'd, began my direful reign,  
And since, I've oft been seen at various times,  
In diff'rent nations and in diff'rent climes.  
Though 'tis a long, for you a happy while,  
Since I've been seen upon this favour'd isle,  
When I appear, how dreadful is my rage !  
How keenly felt by ev'ry sex and age !  
If slaughter make a hero, sure I'm one,  
Though I ne'er battles gain'd, nor vict'ries won ;  
If it were slaughter that raised Cæsar's name,  
Than Cæsar I am greater far in fame.  
But though when whole (as I have said before)  
I seldom visit famed Britannia's shore,  
Yet, when one third is taken from my name,  
I then am known to many a British dame.

When whole, I often sweep both dale and hill—  
Disjoin'd, I 'm mostly found by some cool rill ;  
Or in some town placed low in boggy ground,  
Or else, perhaps, by marshes compass'd round ;  
And should ye chance near water e'er to stray,  
Beyond the limits of refulgent day,  
'Tis not unlikely, after such a roam,  
That I, with pallid hue, attend you home.

---

## RIDDLE XXIII.

DEEP in the bosom of the earth,  
I lie conceal'd from sight,  
Till man, who ransacks nature through,  
Displays my form to light.  
Yet, when I first salute the view,  
I 'm rude and void of use ;  
Till frost, which other objects binds,  
Assists to set me loose.  
Then, polish'd by the artist's hands,  
In wood I 'm closely bound ;  
And where fair learning calls her sons,  
My ready help is found.

To me the sciences are known ;  
In Algebra I shine,  
In Mathematics often deal,  
And make each problem mine.  
To me the wisest heads submit,  
The deepest scholars bend ;  
And, though I neither read nor write,  
I 'm learning's common friend.  
Of neither sense nor love possess'd,  
The strongest sense I aid ;  
Relieve the mem'ry of its load,  
And ease the studious head.  
Yet soon my knowledge is effaced,  
And ev'ry trace is lost ;  
And oft again I 'm fill'd with lore,  
Nor feel the conscious boast.

---

## RIDDLE XXIV.

To a word of consent, add one half of a fright ;  
Next subjoin what you never beheld in the night :  
These rightly connected, you 'll quickly obtain  
What numbers have seen, but will ne'er see again.

## RIDDLE XXV.

I from Siberia's frozen realms am brought,  
Or in the wilds of Canada am sought :  
But soon, by art, a domicile I form,  
At once convenient, elegant, and warm.  
Within the compass of this pretty cell,  
But two inhabitants can hope to dwell ;  
Here, snug and warm, in spite of wind and weather,  
They both may live most lovingly together.  
When spring returns, with blooming flow'rets gay,  
My fickle inmates from my shelter stray ;  
And through the summer months inconstant roam,  
Till winter's cold recalls the wanderers home.

---

## RIDDLE XXVI.

My body's taper'd fine and neat,  
I've but one eye, yet am complete ;  
You'd judge me, by my equipage,  
The greatest warrior of the age ;  
For when you have survey'd me round,  
Nothing but steel is to be found ;  
Yet men I ne'er was known to kill,  
Though ladies' blood I often spill.



RIDDLE XXVII.

My riddle, I trust, you'll allow to express  
A thing that is known to conceal ;  
And yet is a part in a fair lady's dress,  
Which her beauties can never reveal.

My riddle again I shall now introduce ;  
Perhaps it will cause some surprise  
When I tell you, Eliza, 'tis sometimes in use  
The feelings to keep in disguise.

Do ever sensations arise in the heart,  
Which the face, sympathetic, reveals ?  
My riddle possesses a wonderful art,  
And all its impressions conceals.

But you to its purpose need never apply ;  
That breast, where the virtues repose,  
Need never once shrink from a glance of the eye,  
But its secret impressions disclose.

---

## RIDDLE XXVIII.

THOUGH from York and from Yarmouth I'm never away,  
You'll find me always at the end of the day :  
In years though I am, and have been all my life,  
I'm found with a hautboy, though not with a fife :  
I'm always in play—and with some little boy  
Am constantly found, deep engaged with his toy.  
One thing sure remains, which I scarcely dare write,  
Indeed it a falsehood appears to the sight ;  
But you safely may say to your friend, if you please,  
I dwell in your eyes in the middle of e'es.

---

## RIDDLE XXIX.

I have no head, and a tail I lack,  
But oft have arms, and legs, and back ;  
I inhabit the palace, the tavern, the cot—  
'Tis a beggarly residence where I am not.  
If a monarch were present (I tell you no fable),  
I still should be plac'd at the head of the table.

## RIDDLE XXX.

I cut off heads without remorse,  
And yet I never make a corse ;  
I guillotine to give new life,—  
Th' invention's better than a knife.  
I 'm sometimes patent, sometimes not,  
, Yet an old-fashion'd name I 've got.  
Sometimes I have a costly stand,  
Sometimes a plain one, at command—  
And oft'ner none,—and so, adieu !  
I 'm sure I am well known to you.

---

## RIDDLE XXXI.

IN vain you struggle to regain me,  
When lost, you never can obtain me ;  
And yet, what 's odd, you sigh and fret,  
Deplore my loss, and have me yet.  
And often using me quite ill,  
And seeking ways your slave to kill,—  
Then promising in future you  
Will give to me the homage due.  
Thus we go on from year to year,—  
My name pray let the party hear.



## RIDDLE XXXII.

ERE from the east arose the lamp of day,  
Or Cynthia gilt the night with paler ray—  
Ere earth was form'd, or ocean knew its place,  
Long, long anterior to the human race,  
I did exist. In chaos I was found,  
When awful darkness shed its gloom around.  
In heaven I dwell, in those bright realms above,  
And in the radiant ranks of angels move.  
But when th' Almighty, by His powerful call,  
Made out of nothing this stupendous ball,  
I did appear, and still upon this earth  
Am daily seen, and every day have birth.  
With Adam I in Paradise was seen,  
When the vile serpent tempted Eve to sin ;  
And, since the fall, I with the human race  
Partake their shame and manifest disgrace.  
In the dark caverns of old ocean drear  
I ever was, and ever shall appear.  
In every battle firmly I have stood,  
When plains seem lav'd, whole oceans dy'd with blood.  
But, hold—no more ! It now remains with you  
To find me out, and bring me forth to view.



RIDDLE XXXIII.

WE have long been employ'd, and rich favours enjoy'd  
Of titles, achievements, and honours ;  
Though what time we began, no heralds explain,  
Or who the first generous donors.

Some in gold are dress'd fine, some in adamant shine ;  
Some are arm'd with a brass constitution ;  
Some in silver or steel sit enshrin'd, and ne'er feel  
Through ages the least diminution.

Yet our size is so small, you may venture to call  
The whole race Lilliputians by nature ;  
But what is more strange, the creation we range,  
And challenge the form of each creature !

Now a lamb we appear, now a wolf or a bear,  
Now a vulture, a hawk, or a dove ;  
Not irrational things, but gods, heroes, and kings,  
A Cæsar, a George, or a Jove.

These, a numerous store, serve the rich and the poor,  
And maintain the just rights of mankind ;  
Add a sanction to law, to keep subjects in awe,  
And their tyrants in fetters confin'd.

But we ought not to boast, when for us, to our cost,  
We're afraid a worse fortune remains ;  
For if truth must be own'd, many thousands are found  
Of our worthies now hanging in chains.

---

## RIDDLE XXXIV.

BEFORE my birth I have a name,  
But soon as born I lose the same ;  
And when I'm laid within the tomb,  
I do my father's name assume :  
I change my name three days together,  
Yet live but one in any weather.

## RIDDLE XXXV.

SIXTEEN adjectives, twenty-four pronouns, a disappointed lobster, an oyster in love, and nineteen radicals, may all be expressed in one common liquid, which you must discover.

---

## RIDDLE XXXVI.

By me extended commerce reigns,  
And rolls from shore to shore ;  
I mark the pole in azure plains,  
Nor dread the tempest's roar.  
Relying on my friendly aid,  
The sailor smiles serene ;  
Where clouds the blue expanse o'erspread,  
And suns arise in vain.  
Yet mean my form and low my birth,  
No gaudy tints I show ;  
Drawn from my fertile mother earth,  
Through purging fires I go.  
Till fashion'd by the artist's skill,  
He ties the marriage-chain,  
When I my destined ends fulfil,  
And long my love remains.

## RIDDLE XXXVII.

DIRECT, I very small appear—  
Transpose, and then some news is near—  
Subtract a letter from my name,  
To please a boy, the rest remain ;—  
Or which, if they be backward read,  
Will please a drunkard in his stead

---

## RIDDLE XXXVIII.

WHENE'ER misfortunes sore oppress mankind,  
And threaten ruin to their future hopes ;  
When dreary poverty, with visage sad,  
And mournful accents, to the heart appeals ;  
Then I, with modest garb and ruddy cheek, step forth  
My aid to lend, and peace again restore.  
Were I away, the student soon would cease  
To find that pleasure in his books, which he  
Was wont to taste ; and application then  
Would irksome grow, and study be a task.  
From me the hardy husbandman receives  
That sound refreshing sleep, which to his limbs  
Fresh vigour gives, his labour to renew :  
From me his health, his ev'ry blessing flows.

## RIDDLE XXXIX.

NATIVE of Cashmire, in each fragrant grove  
I reign, the pride and empress of the spring ;  
And on my feast the black-eyed maidens love  
The gay profusion of my buds to fling.  
These are the fair resemblances of youth,  
Which with its pleasures swiftly fade away ;  
But my undying odour, like firm truth,  
Nor suffers change, nor ever knows decay.

---

## RIDDLE XL.

PRIZED by the gay and debonair  
The youthful swain, and blooming fair,  
The giddy sons of folly ;  
Rever'd in every age and clime,  
I raise the soul to themes sublime,  
I chase dull melancholy.  
I 'm loud, I 'm soft, I 'm quick, I 'm slow,  
I 'm merry, and I 'm sad ;  
At times I thrill the heart with woe,  
At times I make it glad.  
'T is mine to smooth the brow of care,  
To soothe the child of dark despair ;

'Tis mine to raise the rapturous sigh  
Of purest, joyous ecstasy.  
And I can make the bosom glow  
With all the luxury of woe ;  
And I can fill with sore dismay,—  
Witness the battle's deadly fray,  
    Where I, alas ! am found.  
I bid the victors onward speed,  
O'er heaps of dying, heaps of dead ;—  
The courser's hoofs are stain'd with gore,  
Yet still I bid the battle roar,  
    And spread confusion round.  
And I attend the martial throng,  
As they in solemn state along,  
With arms reversed and measured tread,  
Bear to the tomb the mighty dead.  
But, turn me to a brighter scene,  
The rural *fête* upon the green,—  
There, too, am I ; and, tho' unseen,  
    Am no unwelcome guest :  
And oft where bridal feasts are spread  
My genial influence I shed,  
    And give each joy a zest.



RIDDLE XLI.

A word that's compos'd of three letters alone,  
And is backward and forward the same ;  
Without speaking a word, makes its sentiments known,  
And to beauty lays principal claim.

---

RIDDLE XLII.

WHAT is that which is in the constant possession of  
every human being ; which cannot be bought, yet has  
been sold : it is invisible—never seen, but often felt ?

---

RIDDLE XLIII.

TAKE first a small and dainty fish,  
Then off its head pray sever ;  
You then will see where oft I've been,  
And could have staid for ever.



## RIDDLE XLIV.

I 'm used by ladies, monks, and popes,  
Composed of diamonds, ribands, ropes ;  
With pious virgins I am found,  
And silent hermits I surround :  
The feign'd astrologer to me  
Owes half of his celebrity.  
Venus, by my guardian care,  
Was more bewitching and more fair.  
Ladies, may you successful prove,  
As the once fabled Queen of Love !  
But use your pow'r in better part,  
Not to betray but win the heart.

---

## RIDDLE XLV.

I 'm here, and I 'm there, and I 'm everywhere ;  
In one place not a moment I stay ;  
Like a goblin or sprite, I appear in the night,  
And Shakspeare declares me a fay.  
However this be, I am civil, you see,  
In giving you pretty good warning,  
That unless you take care, you will very ill fare,  
And perhaps may be drown'd before morning.

## RIDDLE XLVI.

FAIR one, I boast celestial date,  
Ere time began to roll ;  
So wide my power, my sceptre spurns  
The limits of the pole.

When from the mystic womb of night,  
The Almighty call'd the earth ;  
I smiled upon the infant world,  
And graced the wondrous birth.

Through the vast realms of boundless space  
I traverse uncontroll'd ;  
And starry orbs of proudest blaze  
Inscribe my name in gold.

There 's not a monarch in the north  
But bends the suppliant knee ;  
The haughty Sultan waives his power,  
And owns superior me.

Both by the savage and the saint  
My empire stands confess'd ;  
I thaw the ice on Greenland's coast,  
And fire the Scythian's breast.

To me the gay aërial tribes  
Their glittering plumage owe ;  
With all the variegated pride  
That decks the feather'd beau.

The meanest reptiles of the land  
My bounty too partake ;  
I paint the insect's trembling wing,  
And gild the crested snake.

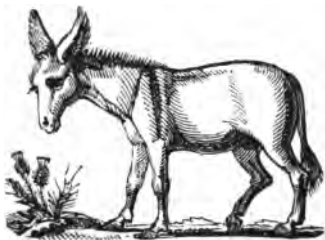
Survey the nations of the deep,  
You 'll there my power behold ;  
My pencil drew the pearly scale,  
And fin bedropt with gold.

I give the virgin's lip to glow,  
I claim the crimson dye ;  
Mine is the rose which spreads the cheek,  
And mine the brilliant eye.

---

RIDDLE XLVII.

WHAT ladies with a grace may do ;  
What, when you 're dress'd, sits well on you ;  
What many a man who has a wife  
Submits to, for a quiet life.



**RIDDLE XLVIII.**

THE brute that 's most despised by man,  
Yet does him all the good he can ;  
Who bore the greatest Prince on earth,  
That gave to righteousness new birth ;  
Who sometimes does o'er death prevail,  
And health restores when doctors fail.

---

**RIDDLE XLIX.**

THERE 's not a creature lives beneath the sky,  
Can secrets keep so faithfully as I ;  
All things for safety are to me consign'd,  
Although I often leave them far behind ;  
I never act but by another's will,  
And what he should command I must fulfil.

## RIDDLE L.

HARD were the task, though tenant of the earth,  
To tell the spot, or period of my birth :  
A viewless being, never seen but heard,  
Quick in my tale, but treach'rous in my word ;  
Light as the breeze that skims the landscape o'er,  
I speed my course, and run from shore to shore.  
From realms that burn with everlasting glow,  
To polar regions of eternal snow :—  
First strike with terror, then delight with joy,  
Next cherish hope, and then that hope destroy.  
I every haunt with equal step pervade,  
Alike the court, the city, and the shade.  
My genius such, no mortal yet was found  
Of speech so fluent, knowledge so profound :  
No college bred me, yet I gabble Greek ;  
In every language of the world I speak  
With wondrous skill : nor less with rapid ease  
Learn all I'm taught, and vary as I please :  
Curtail and add, embellish or abuse,  
Turn black to white, to answer selfish views ;  
And deck poor truth in such confused array,  
You 'll not believe what virtue's self may say.

Not pond'rous volumes could recount the fun,  
The freaks, I 've practised, or the wonders done :  
I 've married those who never yet were wed,  
I 've kill'd the living, and I 've raised the dead !  
And once, 't is said, as many a reader knows,  
I made a sick man throw up three black crows !  
More could I add, and stranger things could name,  
To swell my verse, but they 'd augment my shame ;  
And sure I am, that justice will confess,  
My tongue were candid, had my words been less.

---

## RIDDLE LI.

FROM the third Harry's time we our pedigree trace,  
But some will aver more ancient our race ;  
We are born amidst bustle, and riot, and noise ;  
We 're a numerous family, all of us boys ;  
We are mere human creatures, like you or another,  
Yet to make us requires no aid from a mother ;  
And, what is more strange, we have oft a twin brother.  
We are none of us dumb—some have language profuse—  
But two words are as much as most of us use :  
One little hint more, to give I think fit,—  
We all of us stand before we can sit.

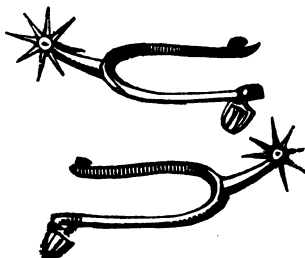
## RIDDLE LII.

WHAT power of the soul is that by which we perceive, know, remember, and judge, as well singulars as universals : having certain innate notices or beginnings of arts ; a reflecting action, by which it judgeth of its own doings, and also examines them ?

---

## RIDDLE LIII.

FROM shrubs and from trees, and vast caverns below,  
By the toil of men's bodies our being we owe ;  
But we 're odd kinds of beings, and strange pranks have  
play'd,  
For some we 've delighted, and some made afraid.  
If two of us meet ;—indeed, if we be three,  
All things topsy-turvy we turn presently ;  
But then, if our number increases to four,  
We set all things to rights, as they were before.  
No hands ever had we, nor colour e'er saw,  
Nor ever used crayon or pencil to draw ;  
Yet we paint with such delicate colour and shade,  
And in such true proportion our figures are made,  
That we challenge Vandyke and the famed Angelo,  
Such excellent pieces as ours are to show.



RIDDLE LIV.

Two brothers, wisely kept apart,  
Together ne'er employ'd,  
Though to one purpose we are bent,  
Each takes a different side.

To us no head nor mouth belongs,  
Yet plain our tongues appear ;  
With them we never speak a word,  
Without them useless are.

In blood and wounds we deal, yet good  
In temper we are prov'd ;  
From passion we are always free,  
Yet oft with anger mov'd.



We travel much, yet pris'ners are,  
And close confin'd to boot ;  
Can with the fleetest horse keep pace,  
Yet always go on foot.

---

## RIDDLE LV.

I am a small volume, and frequently bound  
In silk, satin, silver, or gold ;  
My worth and my praises the females resound :  
By females my science is told.  
My leaves are all scarlet, my letters are steel,  
Each letter contains a great treasure ;  
To the poor they bring lodging, and fuel, and meal,  
To the rich, entertainment and pleasure.  
The sempstress explores me by day and by night,  
Not a page but she turns o'er and o'er ;  
Though sometimes I injure the milliner's sight,  
Still I add to her credit and store.  
'Tis true, I am seldom regarded by men ;  
Yet what would the males do without me ?  
Let them boast of their head, or boast of their pen,  
Still vain is their boast, if they flout me.

## RIDDLE LVI.

DEPRIVED of root, and branch, and rind,  
Yet flow'rs I bear of every kind ;  
And, such is my prolific pow'r,  
They bloom in less than half an hour ;  
Yet standers by may plainly see  
They get no nourishment from me.  
All over naked I am seen,  
And painted like an Indian queen.  
No couple-beggar in the land  
E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand ;  
I join them fairly with a ring,  
Nor can our parson blame the thing ;  
And though no marriage words are spoke,  
They part not till the ring is broke.  
Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,  
I 'm but an idol raised on high ;  
And once a weaver in the town,  
A staunch Cromwellian, knock'd me down.  
I lay a pris'ner twenty years,  
And then the jovial Cavaliers  
To their old post restored all three,  
I mean the Church, the King, and me.

## RIDDLE LVII.

I am by nature soft as silk,  
By nature too as white as milk ;  
I am a constant friend to man,  
And serve him every way I can.  
When dipp'd in wax, or plunged in oil,  
I make his winter ev'nings smile :  
By India taught, I spread his bed,  
Or deck his fav'rite Celia's head ;  
Her gayest garbs I oft compose,  
And, ah ! sometimes—I wipe her nose.

---

## RIDDLE LVIII.

WHAT is the power of the rational soul, which covets  
or avoids such things as have been before judged and  
apprehended by the understanding ?

---

## RIDDLE LIX.

I am rough, I am smooth,  
I am wet, I am dry ;  
My station is low,  
But my title is High ;  
The King my lawful master is,—  
I 'm used by all, though only his.



RIDDLE LX.

My head and tail both equal are,  
My middle slender as a bee ;  
Whether I stand on head or heel,  
'Tis all the same to you or me.

But if my head should be cut off,  
The matter 's true, although 'tis strange,  
My head and body sever'd thus,  
Immediately to nothing change.

---

RIDDLE LXI.

WHAT word is that, which, though *consisting* of four syllables, is properly spelt in two letters only ; and, though openly seen, is still invisible ?

## RIDDLE LXII.

WE are a couple, sharp and bright,  
And yet, when far asunder,  
We never aided mortal wight,  
Which may excite your wonder.

And yet we must divided be,  
To prove of any use ;  
And then you every day may see  
The wonders we produce.

The most uncouth and shapeless mass  
To form full well we know ;  
We ornament the sprightly lass,  
We decorate the beau.

Ladies, you must to us apply,  
For every robe you wear ;  
'Tis we the cut and shape supply,  
And make it debonair.

That pretty trifle too we fill,  
Yclep'd a *chiffonière* :  
And now, if you have any skill,  
Our name you may declare.

## RIDDLE LXIII.

WITH monks and with hermits, I chiefly reside,  
From courts and from camps at a distance ;  
The ladies, who ne'er could my presence abide,  
To banish me join their assistance.  
Though seldom I flatter, I oft shew respect  
To the prelate, the patriot, and peer ;  
But sometimes, alas ! a sad proof of neglect,  
Or a mark of contempt, I appear.  
By the couch of the sick, I am frequently found,  
And I always attend on the dead ;  
With patient affliction, I sit on the ground,  
But if talk'd of, I 'm instantly fled.

---

## RIDDLE LXIV.

SAY, what is that which in its form unites  
All that is graceful, elegant, and true ;  
By all admired, by all acknowledged great,  
And (as I trust) sincerely loved by you.

Which ever on the virtuous attends,  
And of their peace will surest safeguard prove ;  
The best support of noble, upright minds,  
The best foundation of connubial love.

## RIDDLE LXV.

THOUGH I, alas ! a pris'ner be,  
My trade is, pris'ners to set free.  
No slave his lord's commands obeys  
With such insinuating ways :  
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,  
Wherein most men of wit delight ;  
A new and wond'rous art I show  
Of raising spirits from below :  
In scarlet some, and some in white,  
They rise, walk round, yet never fright :  
In at each mouth the spirits pass,  
Distinctly seen, as through a glass,  
O'er head and body make a rout,  
And drive at last all secrets out ;  
And still, the more I shew my art,  
The more they open every heart.  
I twice a day a hunting go,  
Yet never fail to seize my foe ;  
And, when I have him by the poll,  
I drag him upwards from his hole,  
Though some are of so stubborn kind,  
I'm forced to leave a limb behind.



**RIDDLE LXVI.**

**PERFECT** with a head, perfect without a head ; perfect with a tail, perfect without a tail ; perfect with either, neither, or both.

---

**RIDDLE LXVII.**

I 'm fair to a proverb, as feathers I 'm light,  
But dark and quite heavy, if squeezed rather tight ;  
Though candid and pure is the face that I wear,  
Yet many poor innocents oft I ensnare ;  
And though neither coquet, a prude, nor a rake,  
The foulest impressions I easily take :  
My parent and I do produce one another—  
Mamma creates daughter, and daughter the mother.



## RIDDLE LXVIII.

IF wisdom be ascribed to age,  
I surely am the greatest sage ;  
For my antiquity I trace  
Higher than any Welchman's race :—  
I was with Adam at the first,  
I witnessed his return to dust :  
With Noah too I did embark,  
To make the voyage in the ark ;  
And all the famous men of old,  
Whose feats are either sung or told,  
With me their early course begun,  
And closed with me their setting sun.  
To all, my lessons I impart,  
Seeking to mend each wayward heart ;  
And my assistance ever lend  
To those who will themselves befriend.  
But such as would my influence shun,  
Sooner or later are undone ;  
They often wish me far away,  
And blame and chide my ling'ring stay ;  
Yet when their wish is crown'd at last,  
And weeks, and months, and years are past,

They strangely of my flight complain,  
And vainly wish me back again.  
But when my presence is neglected,  
And all my favours are rejected,  
I leave the triflers to deplore,  
For I return to them no more.

---

## RIDDLE LXIX.

WHAT two persons are those, whose powers are equal,  
and whose influence extends from pole to pole ?

---

## RIDDLE LXX.

WHO is the wizard, that with ease  
Can clothe a barren soil with trees,  
And in an instant can transform  
A barren heath to verdant lawn ?  
Who cures the palsy, stone, and gout,  
Embellishes a ball or rout ;  
Promises mines of untried wealth,  
With beauty's bloom and vig'rous health ?  
Who then descends to meaner things,  
Offering razor-strops for kings :  
And oftentimes will not refuse  
E'en the best blacking for your shoes ?

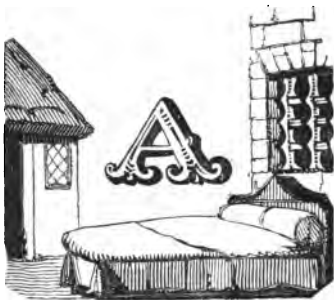
## RIDDLE LXXI.

THERE was a man bespoke a thing,  
Which when the owner home did bring,  
He that made it did refuse it,  
He that bought it would not use it ;  
And he that had it could not tell  
Whether it suited ill or well.

---

## RIDDLE LXXII.

FROM India's burning clime I 'm brought,  
With cooling gales by zephyrs fraught ;  
For Iris, when she paints the sky,  
Shews not more different hues than I ;  
Nor can she change her form so fast ;—  
I 'm now a sail, and now a mast,  
I here am red, and there am green,  
A beggar there, and here a queen.  
I sometimes live in house of hair,  
And oft in hand of lady fair.  
I please the young, I grace the old,  
And am at once, both hot and cold.  
Now meditate and duly scan,  
And tell my title if you can.



RIDDLE LXXIII.

Of a brave set of brethren I stand at the head,  
And, to keep them quite warm, I cram three in a bed ;  
Six of them in prison unfeelingly put,  
And three I confine in a mean little hut ;  
To escape my fell gripe, three reside in the sky ;  
And, though strange it may seem, we have all but one eye ;  
Our shape is as various as wond'rous our use is,  
Of science the source, and the soul of the muses.

RIDDLE LXXIV.

Two beaux are Harriet's constant pride,  
For ever dangling at her side ;  
An inch their due, they take an ell,—  
The name of Harriet's beaux pray tell.

## RIDDLE LXXV.

WHEN Phœbus darts his early ray,  
I then in sparkling gems appear ;  
Brush'd from the fragrant hawthorn's spray,  
Transient and bright as beauty's tear :  
For I adorn the queen of flowers,  
Trembling on the verdant lawn ;  
I 'm seen in Flora's rosy bowers,  
And am exhaled as soon as born.

---

## RIDDLE LXXVI.

WE 're sometimes three, or only two, or one,  
And in such cases are esteemed by none ;  
But when we 're many, in exalted station,  
We often form a people's recreation.  
Being loquacious, we delight to sing  
The lofty acts of hero, patriot, king.  
Nor about these alone we make a clatter,  
We do as much for any other matter ;  
For, sympathise with man we ever must,  
We hail his birth-day, or lament his dust ;  
And we 're such fav'rites, that where'er we dwell,  
That place is truly said to bear the bell.



**RIDDLE LXXVII.**

To the noise of a bird  
Unite one third  
Of a fruit which grows in the field ;  
And they will declare  
What those men wear  
Who regal authority wield.

---

**RIDDLE LXXVIII.**

I counterfeit all bodies, yet have none ;  
Bodies have shadows, shadows give me one ;  
Loved for another's sake, that person yet  
Is my chief enemy, whene'er we meet ;  
Thinks me too old, though blest with endless youth ;  
And, like a monarch, hates my speaking truth.

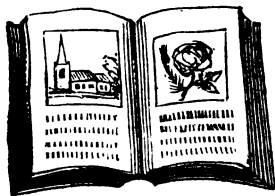
## RIDDLE LXXIX.

WHAT is the longest and the shortest thing in the world? The swiftest and the slowest? The most indivisible and the most extended? The least valued, and the most regretted? Without which nothing can be done? Which devours all that is small, yet gives life to all that is great?

---

## RIDDLE LXXX.

ROUND is my shape, my size as broad as long,  
Firm is my basis, and my nerves are strong ;  
With double breast, and buttons round my waist,  
With hoops, and loops, and stays and laces graced :  
The colours, titles, and the arms I bear,  
Blazon my fame, and speak my character.  
Ten thousand vassals at my levee stand,  
Come when I call, and move at my command.  
By me inspired, men keep or break the peace ;  
I fire their rage, or make their fury cease.  
Myself obnoxious to a tyrant's will,  
Who wreaks unpity'd vengeance on me still ;  
Racking my limbs, he turns me o'er and o'er,  
He lugs my ears, and thumps me till I roar.



RIDDLE LXXXI.

I often can call forth impressions of fear,  
And the eye I can sometimes bedew with a tear ;  
I also can make it with pleasure look bright,  
And cause it to beam with a sense of delight.  
Again, I am certain it 's often been found,  
That I culture the mind instead of the ground ;  
But, alas ! I no longer must herald out praise,  
Or think that I merit a garland of bays ;  
To wisdom or virtue I make no pretence,  
And I do not possess one idea of sense.

---

RIDDLE LXXXII.

A riddle of riddles !—It dances and skips ;  
It is read in the eyes, though it cheats in the lips ;  
If it meet with its match, it is easily caught ;  
But if money will buy it, 'tis not worth a groat.



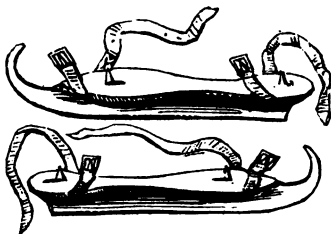
## RIDDLE LXXXIII.

THREE feet I boast, but ne'er attempt to go ;  
Have many nails thereon, but not one toe.

---

## RIDDLE LXXXIV.

I lived before the flood, yet still am young,  
I speak all languages, yet have no tongue ;  
In deserts was I bred ; I know no schools,  
Nor ever understood the grammar rules ;  
Yet, when the courtly gallant talks with me,  
As polish'd in discourse I am as he.  
I am in France, in Spain, in England too ;  
Next moment, I 'm in China or Peru.  
Yet legs to walk with, nature did deny,  
Nor have I fins to swim, nor wings to fly.  
I sympathise with all, in joy or pain ;  
Laugh with the merry, with the sad complain :  
By nature taught such an obliging way,  
That if you converse with me all the day, }  
I never once dissent from what you say.  
Where'er I am, to understand am plain,  
Yet all the while invisible remain ;  
Though thousands do, I ne'er shall die of age,  
Till the last day concludes this mortal stage.



RIDDLE LXXXV.

FORM'D half beneath and half above the earth,  
We sisters owe to art our second birth ;  
The smith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,  
Made on the earth, to travel o'er the waters.  
Swifter we move, the straiter we are bound ;  
Yet neither touch the sea nor air, nor ground.  
We serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,  
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes swim.

---

RIDDLE LXXXVI.

THOUGH legs I have got, it is seldom I walk ;  
Though many I backbite, yet I never talk ;  
In places most secret I seek to hide me,  
For he who feeds me never can abide me.

## RIDDLE LXXXVII.

WE are little brethren twain,  
Arbiters of loss and gain ;  
Many to our counters run,  
Some are made, and some undone :  
But men find it, to their cost,  
Few are made, but numbers lost :  
Though we play them tricks for ever,  
Yet they always hope our favour.

---

## RIDDLE LXXXVIII.

WHEN from this life grim death the husband takes,  
And of his wife a lonely widow makes,  
Then into being I am brought you'll find,  
For oft I ease the sad desponding mind.  
Yet not with grief alone do I abound,  
With the excess of joy I'm sometimes found.  
Cut off my head, and then a thing you'll view,  
Which makes you understand what I tell you.  
Join on my head, and then cut off my tail,  
Then to your eyes it quickly will reveal  
A fav'rite bev'rage of no small renown,  
With ladies, both in country and in town.



RIDDLE LXXXIX.

YE bards, whose deep skill all dark mysteries can clear,  
Pray attend and discover my name ;  
Four brothers I have, and the fifth I appear,  
But our age is exactly the same.  
Yet I to their stature shall never attain,  
Though as fast as them always I grow ;  
By nature I 'm fixed a dwarf to remain,  
And hence the enigma you 'll know.

---

RIDDLE XC.

EVER eating, never cloying ;  
All devouring, all destroying ;  
Never finding full repast,  
Till I eat the world at last.

## RIDDLE XCI.

SLAIN to be saved, with much ado and pain,  
Scatter'd, dispersed, and gather'd up again ;  
Wither'd though young, sweet though not perfumed,  
And carefully laid up to be consumed.

---

## RIDDLE XCII.

I was form'd long ago, and by shepherds preferr'd,  
Yet on board of our ships I am frequently heard ;  
I inhabit aloft ; but, descend to the street,  
You will presently find me just under your feet.  
In the ball-rooms of fashion I sometimes am seen,  
And often enliven a dance on the green.  
I am stored by the rich, by the drunkard am prized ;  
And by Indian and Turk I am never despised :  
Immured in a dungeon, with anguish I'm fill'd ;  
My body is wounded, my blood is all spill'd.  
From mechanics and rabble still worse I endure ;  
For they burn out my entrails, and leave without cure.  
Yet a friend to all mortals I ever must be ;  
Nor poet nor songster exists without me :  
Peculiarly form'd, I delight a whole nation,  
And now am a riddle for your recreation.



RIDDLE XCIII.

ALL objects of pleasure I soon can make plain,  
And I also can call forth impressions of pain ;  
The soft tear of pity can bring in the eye,  
And o'ershadow the face, like the cloud in the sky :  
My art you will surely be led to revere,  
For those who are distant I seem to bring near.

---

RIDDLE XCIV.

I am just two and two—I am hot, I am cold,  
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told ;  
I am lawful—unlawful ; a duty—a fault ;  
I am often sold dearly—worth nothing when bought ;  
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,  
And yielded with pleasure—when taken by force.

## RIDDLE XCV.

WHAT is that which will give a cold—can cure a cold—and may pay the doctor?

---

## RIDDLE XCVI.

By fate exalted high in place,  
Lo ! here I stand with double face ;  
Superior none on earth I find,  
But see below me all mankind :  
Yet, as it oft attends the great,  
I almost sink with my own weight.  
At every motion undertook,  
The vulgar all consult my look ;  
I sometimes give advice in writing,  
But never of my own inditing.  
I am a courtier, in my way,  
For those who raised me I betray ;  
And some give out that I entice  
To wanton luxury, and dice,  
Who punishments on me inflict,  
Because they find their pockets pick'd.  
By riding post I lose my health,  
And only to get others wealth.



RIDDLE XCVII.

A spot there is,—say, trav’ller, where it lies,  
And mark the clime, the limits, and the size,—  
Where grows no tree, nor waves the golden grain,  
Nor hills nor vales diversify the plain ;  
Eternal green, without the farmer’s toil,  
Through every season clothes the favour’d soil ;  
Fair pools, in which the finny race abound,  
By human art prepared, enrich the ground ;  
Not India’s coasts produce a richer store,—  
Pearls, ivory, diamonds, gold and silver ore ;  
Perpetual war distracts, and endless crimes  
Pollute the soil. Pale avarice triumphs there ;  
Hate, envy, rage, and heart-destroying care,  
With fraud and fear, and comfortless despair. }

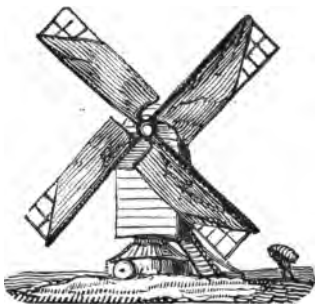


Their government not long remains the same ;  
Now they revere, like us, a monarch's name,  
Now, Cromwell-like, a base and low-born knave  
Nobles, and kings, and queens, presumes to brave ;  
The nobles fall, the king's a captive slave. }  
Britons, be wise ; let avarice tempt no more ;  
Spite of its wealth, avoid the fatal shore ;  
The daily bread which Providence has given,  
Eat with content, and leave the rest to heaven.

---

## RIDDLE XCVIII.

I 'm very handy at all work,  
Be it coarse or fine ;  
Oft to industry lend an aid,  
And forward its design.  
By men and women both retain'd,  
I grumble at no task ;  
Without a murmur toil all night,  
And no reward I ask.  
Though apt at everything I do,  
And following each rule,  
Yet at my mistress's command  
I often go to school.



RIDDLE XCIX.

SUBLIME, erect, I cut the yielding air ;  
A guide as certain as the morning-star,  
I with unwearied pinions wing my way,  
And round large circles in the sun-beams play.  
In single combat, with a valiant foe,  
I pluck'd the laurel from the champion's brow, }  
Giving both man and horse an overthrow.  
Within my house some ghostly fathers stand,  
Taking first-fruits and tithes without demand ;  
In robes of virgin innocence array'd,  
As white as priest in new-wash'd surplice clad ;  
Yet they are said, like others in the land,  
To have an evil heart and griping hand.

## RIDDLE C.

Two brothers we are, yet can't hope to be saved ;  
From our very first day to our last we're enslaved ;  
Our office the hardest, and food sure the worst,  
Being cramm'd with warm flesh till we're ready to burst ;  
Though low is our state, even kings we support,  
And at balls have the principal share in the sport.

---

## RIDDLE CI.

With you, ye lovely fair, whose charms impart,  
Or pain or pleasure to the wounded heart ;  
With you ofttimes o'er spacious plains I rove,  
O'er daisied meads or in the shady grove ;  
Oft am I fondled, clasp'd within your arms—  
A kind preservative to guard your charms.  
But what avails ? Alas ! it is my lot—  
To be discarded and to be forgot ;  
For I'm neglected when pale Winter reigns  
With frigid influence o'er hills and plains :  
My brother then oft occupies my place,  
While I am left neglected in disgrace.  
From these few hints, I pray, my name declare,  
I still will shelter and preserve the fair



RIDDLE CII.

I 'm a twin brother, mostly white as milk,  
Neatly attired in woollen or in silk ;  
On every belle I constantly attend,  
More in the guise of servant than of friend ;  
And if by chance I 'm either stolen or stray'd,  
Shame and vexation seize the blushing maid.  
However, (and I own the act was civil,  
And shews that good may be educed from evil,)  
The loss of such a little paltry thing,  
Hinted a decoration to a king.

---

RIDDLE CIII.

Enough for one—too much for two—and nothing  
at all for three.

## RIDDLE CIV.

I 'm the frailest and weakest of possible things,  
Yet often secure what may overturn kings ;  
I 'm entrusted with secrets by age and by youth,  
And perish before I discover the truth.  
Though weak, I 'm inflexible—break ere I bend ;—  
But I 'll mention no more—for I 'm at your tongue's end.

---

## RIDDLE CV.

IN Gothic towers and palaces I dwell,  
In deep recesses of the hallow'd cell ;  
In gloomy caves, where man ne'er dared  
His form to trust, my plaintive voice is heard.  
'Mongst hollow rocks, I take my airy flight,  
My form secluded still from mortal sight ;  
Bred by the offspring of the human mind,  
I to the world an instant passage find.  
Yet short the space of time my life can boast,  
Born in one moment, in another lost,  
I once a nymph was—sporting on the plains,  
The pride and glory of the neighbouring swains ;  
Till, cross'd in love, I left my native glade,  
My form consumed, and dwindled to a shade.

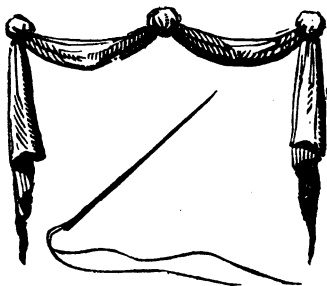


RIDDLE CVI.

BRITONS, in me you may behold, of late,  
A dismal instance of inconstant fate :  
Five thousand years and more ran gently round,  
While I, from most, respect and honour found ;  
By heroes, sages, senators, caress'd ;  
To kings and princes no unwelcome guest ;  
Nay, in such great request—so ran the taste—  
That those without me seem to be disgraced.  
But see the issue of my prosperous fate !  
Scarce dare I offer to appear of late,  
But men my life with fatal steel pursue,  
And all around my mangled members strew.

## RIDDLE CVII.

THE child of genius, I 'm consign'd to fame,  
By curious artists of no vulgar name ;  
The gay delight of laughing girls and boys,  
In youth's best prime, intent on fleeting joys ;  
Fond of th' illusions fancy's pencil draws,  
And ever prone to view me with applause.  
Averse from powerful Sol's profusive light,  
I fly to tapers, and the reign of night ;  
Like vice, suspicious of day's garish eye,  
In shades alone my boasted arts I try :  
In close shut room I take my passive stand—  
Around me wait a gay expectant band,  
Eager my pleasing mysteries to view,  
And gaze with transports on the feats I shew.  
By me display'd before their wond'ring eyes,  
The past, the present, and the future rise ;  
By me inform'd, they mark the virtuous deed,  
Bright honour's fame, and bravery's well-earn'd meed ;  
By me they learn the infamy and shame,  
That brands the villain's dark, unhallow'd name ;  
While airs melodious wait my moral strain,  
To charm the list'ning ear, and win the blooming train.



RIDDLE CVIII.

WHAT could man do without my aid,  
Or what each fair, industrious maid ?  
I lead the first o'er sea and land,  
The second takes me by the hand,  
Presses me close, with care and skill,  
And makes me do whate'er she will.  
I cannot boast of many charms—  
I've neither feet, nor legs, nor arms ;  
But all allow I have an eye,  
So fine, it may with beauty vie.  
I fear I many wounds impart,  
Shed blood, but never touch the heart.



They who would contemplate my end,  
(For that 's the point where I offend,)  
Sharply to look about must mind,  
Or me much sharper they will find.

---

## RIDDLE CIX.

FROM abroad a prisoner brought,  
I soon the English tongue was taught,  
And pleased my lord so well,  
He introduced me to his spouse,  
And lodged me in a handsome house,  
Where I in comfort dwell.  
And when the sky 's serene and clear,  
I go abroad to take the air,  
And to observe what passes ;  
Where learning half the tricks in town,  
I make remarks on every clown,  
And laugh at lads and lasses.  
When thus I 'm tired, I call a coach,  
Bold and regardless of reproach,  
Then whistle, sing, and cough ;  
And, having teased the man awhile,  
With the imposture pleased, I smile,  
And bid the knave walk off.



RIDDLE CX.

I 'm white, black, or blue,  
I 'm red, gray, or green ;  
I 'm intended to hide

What is meant to be seen :

So supple sometimes that I 'd meet at each end,  
At others so stubborn I 'd break ere I 'd bend ;  
Like mortals, inflexible often am I,  
Till by the tongue soften'd, I 'm brought to comply :  
Of prodigal traitors I am an apt token,  
I only exist to be ruin'd and broken.

---

RIDDLE CXI.

A monosyllable I am,—a reptile, I vow ;  
If you put me together, I 'm syllables two ;  
I 'm English, I 'm Latin, I 'm one or the other,  
What 's English for one half, is Latin for t' other.

## RIDDLE CXII.

At Charing Cross I am proclaim'd  
And all along the city ;  
I 'm idolized in every street,  
By stupid or by witty.

More partizans I surely have,  
Than e'er for tyrants bled ;  
They lead their subjects by the nose.  
I govern by the head.

At social meetings, I am sought,  
To forward glee or mirth ;  
Though it is whisper'd, that sometimes  
To quarrels I give birth.

But, let this pass ; my namesake now  
I wish to introduce ;  
He is a very steady man,  
And of the greatest use.

The live-long day he'll toil and trot,  
To manage your affairs ;  
And all the burdens you impose,  
Most complaisantly bears.

His brother is of prouder mind,  
He lives in lordly hall ;  
And scarcely will he condescend  
To answer when you call.

Yet both to me are special friends,  
And whensoever we meet,  
My company they always deem  
A pleasure and a treat.

If from these imperfect hints,  
My real name you guess,  
Perhaps I'll visit you to-day,  
To witness your success.

---

## RIDDLE CXIII.

Soft as the dews from heav'n descend,  
And genial influence show'r—  
So sweet am I : the culprit's friend  
In many a dreadful hour.

If e'er I come within thy breast,  
Let me be cherish'd there ;  
And honour'd as a noble guest,  
Well worth your utmost care.

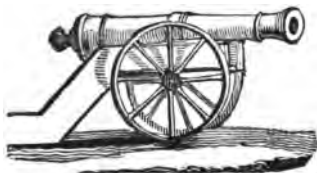
## RIDDLE CXIV.

I am not what I was, but quite the reverse ;—  
I am what I was, which is still more perverse ;—  
From morning to night, I do nothing but fret  
With wishing to be what I never was yet.

---

## RIDDLE CXV.

LOVELY bright ethereal spark,  
Gaily twinkling in the dark,  
Bosom of the ebon night,  
With a blue phosphoric light :  
What art thou ? The torch of love ? —  
May'st thou more successful prove  
Than that famed signal did of yore,  
On the Hellespontic shore ! —  
Now thou vanishest away !  
Yet a little longer stay ;  
How can else thy airy lover,  
Thy retreat or thee discover ?  
Wait not till the rising morn  
Shall betray thy real form ;  
Lest what to-night so much he prized,  
May to-morrow be despised.



RIDDLE CXVI.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying, with noise,  
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys ;  
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,  
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confined.  
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,  
But all I delight in are pieces of lead ;  
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,  
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.  
One property more I would have you remark,  
No lady was ever more fond of a spark ;  
The moment I get one, my soul 's all on fire,  
I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

---

RIDDLE CXVII.

WHAT I do—what I do not—conjoined will make  
what Chloe is.

## RIDDLE CXVIII.

I am the perfection of art and industry, formed with mathematical precision ; and, Proteus-like, take every form and colour. I adorn the palaces of kings ; I am found in the shop of the meanest artizan : the representative of a prince, and the plaything of a child ; a polisher ; a badge of office ; and a concealer of secrets.

---

## RIDDLE CXIX.

LET ancient monarchs boast of heavenly birth,  
And look with scorn upon the sons of earth,  
Or bribe the bard, with fictitious tales to prove  
Their near alliance to the thunderer, Jove ;  
More justly I supernal birth may claim,  
From Heaven I sprang, and Heaven bestow'd my name.  
The Almighty Ruler of the earth and sky  
Approved me well, and angels sang for joy.  
To hail my coming, countless tribes repair,  
And music fills the circling fields of air ;  
With pleasure men behold my smiling face,  
And rich and poor my heavenly beauties trace.

I spread my sov'reign sway from pole to pole,  
Where cities rise, or briny oceans roll.  
My worth is known to men of every tongue,  
And Milton greets me in his heavenly song ;  
Virtue and honour all my steps attend,  
And heav'n-born truth has been my constant friend.  
But I 've a sister that my presence shuns,  
With frowning face, and black as Afric's sons.  
She, for her deeds, from comfort will be driven,  
For Scripture says, she ne'er shall enter Heaven ;  
But I shall dwell before th' eternal throne,  
When stars are fled, and earth's no longer known ;  
A bright memorial of celestial grace,  
And never, never quit that blissful place.

---

RIDDLE CXX.

Six letters do my name compound ;  
Among the aged oft I 'm found ;  
The shepherd also, by the brook,  
Hears me when leaning on his crook.  
But in the middle me divide,  
And take the half on either side,  
Each backward read, a liquor tell,  
Every gay toper knows it well.



## RIDDLE CXXI.

I am a little saucy thing,  
Made up of seven letters ;  
Within my tail I hold a sting,  
And often bite my betters.

---

## RIDDLE CXXII.

OF heav'nly origin, to earth I came  
To solace human kind ;  
The cement of each social frame,  
Balm to the wounded mind.  
So loved, so valued through the world,  
That dark pretenders take  
My form, with colours false unfurl'd,  
For gain or mischief's sake.  
Firm, constant, and sincere, am I,  
My motives pure and whole ;  
Theirs all are formed to gratify  
A base and selfish soul.  
Beware these traitors to my name,  
(If *that* you can divine)  
Compare their deeds ;—if not the same,  
Their aeries decline.



RIDDLE CXXIII.

WHEN first my maker form'd me to his mind,  
He gave me eyes, yet left me dark and blind ;  
He form'd a nose, yet left me without smell ;  
A mouth, but neither voice nor tongue to tell ;  
The world me use ; and oft the fair, through me,  
Although I hide the face, do plainly see.

---

RIDDLE CXXIV.

WHENE'ER the student dares to cope with me,  
I very often stouter prove than he ;  
For let him twist and turn me as he will,  
He must confess that I am victor still.  
And though from his defeat he sorely smarts,  
Yet frankly owns that I 'm a man of *parts*.

## RIDDLE CXXV.

CATO and Chloe, combined well together,  
Make a drink not amiss in very cold weather.

---

## RIDDLE CXXVI.

ALTHOUGH you boast, through ages dark,  
Your pedigree from Noah's ark,  
Painted on parchment nice ;  
I'm older still, for I was there,  
And before that I did appear  
With Eve in Paradise.

For I was Adam—Adam I ;  
And I was Eve—and Eve was I,  
In spite of wind and weather :  
But, mark me, Adam was not I,  
Neither was mistress Adam I, ♀  
Unless they were together.

Suppose, then, Eve and Adam talking—  
With all my heart !—But if they're walking,  
There ends all simile ;  
For though I've tongue, and often talk,  
And though I've legs, yet when I walk  
It puts an end to me.

Not such an end but that I've breath,  
 Therefore to such a kind of death  
 I make but small objection ;  
 For soon I come again in view,  
 And, though a Christian, yet 'tis true,  
 I die by resurrection.

---



RIDDLE CXXVII.

ALTHOUGH a human shape I wear,  
 Mother I never had ;  
 And though no sense nor life I share,  
 In finest silks I 'm clad.  
 By every miss I 'm valued much,  
 Beloved and highly prized ;  
 Yet still my cruel fate is such,  
 By boys I am despised

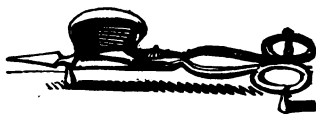
## RIDDLE CXXVIII.

DIRECT or reverse, you may read me, ye fair,—  
The one way a number, the other a snare.

---

## RIDDLE CXXIX.

WE are so like in form and feature,  
That all must think us twins by nature ;  
When in high life by chance we move,  
Not Hebe nor the Queen of Love  
With us in smoothness can compare,  
Nor boast complexion half so fair.  
To concerts, balls, and routs we go ;  
Are seen at every brilliant show :  
We mingle with the jocund throng,  
Who lead the sprightly dance along.  
But grief to joy must now succeed,  
And we, attired in sable weed,  
The solemn funeral attend  
Of the lost father or the friend ;  
But as insensible as they  
Who form'd the pomp in long array,  
When all our services are o'er,  
And we, grown old, can please no more,  
We both partake one common lot,  
Neglected first, and then forgot.



RIDDLE CXXX.

My riddle is bright ; though I boast of no rays,  
I still have a power to enlighten :  
In one instant you 'll find me extinguish a blaze,  
Which in the next moment I brighten.

Though I live quite alone, yet I 'm called a pair ;  
Then how can I only be one ?  
Develope this myst'ry, ye quicksighted fair,  
For now with description I 've done.

---

RIDDLE CXXXI.

I am coeval with man, and was burdened with a numerous family, most of them rude and unpolished, except two fair daughters, who were the delight of the world. But their barbarous cousins, envious of their perfections, reduced them nearly to their own level ; and since that time, the fairest of my descendants bear but an imperfect resemblance to their graces.

## RIDDLE CXXXII.

THOUGH learning hath fed me, I know not a letter ;  
I live among books, yet am never the better ;  
Each muse I digest, yet I know not a line :  
What, student, I am, I beg you 'll divine.

---

## RIDDLE CXXXIII.

LISTEN to my plaintive ditty,  
While I all my woes relate ;  
Ye, whose bosoms swell with pity,  
Learn to shun my dreadful fate.

I was once a lovely creature,  
Exquisite in air and face ;  
Youth sat smiling on each feature,  
All my movements teem'd with grace.

But I loved forbidden beauty,  
Which I never could possess ;  
And forsook the path of duty,  
Seeking fancied happiness.

Now a flower, my senses failing,  
Robb'd of every true delight,  
Yet a sweet perfume exhaling,  
And array'd in spotless white.

In your garden should you find me,  
 Near some fountain's dewy brink ;  
 Let my fatal tale remind ye,  
 E'er it be too late to think.  
 'Tis not by ourselves caressing,  
 We can ever happy prove ;  
 Every true and real blessing  
 Friendship gives, when join'd to love.

---

RIDDLE CXXXIV.

YE famed enigmatists, pray now disclose,  
 From whence, or where, my origin arose :  
 Was it in ages of remotest date  
 I first appear'd, then reach'd the regal state ?  
 Was it from moral or religious laws,  
 (As great effects succeed a trifling cause,)  
 I have obtain'd my consequence with man,  
 His honour settled, and design'd the plan ?  
 Suppose it Nimrod, that recorded chief,  
 Some petty tyrant, or a powerful thief,  
 First took the hint ; a fav'rite symbol wore  
 The hi'roglyphic of his barbarous power.  
 Let us admit that gallantry or pride,  
 A thirst of glory, honour for its guide,

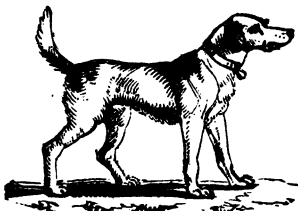


Or martial prowess, enemy to fears,  
Increased my power with revolving years,  
Till mighty Edward, from the Gallic rout,  
Inclosed the space, and circled me about  
With royal fence, extending far and wide,  
Two trusty chiefs, as guards on either side.  
Within these bounds is found the blooming rose,  
Then by the lily see the thistle grows ;  
And music dwells, which sets the soul on fire,  
From silver strings of the melodious lyre.  
Sometimes, in sacred places I 'm confined ;  
At others, mount and traverse in the wind ;  
Or, felon-like, in irons I remain,  
Confined and fix'd against the solid plain.  
Now, Gents and Ladies, I must take my leave,  
Yet not before a hint or two I give :  
An English college, with peculiar art,  
Dissects each member, quarters every part.

---

RIDDLE CXXXV.

A shoemaker makes shoes without any leather,  
With all the four elements put together,—  
Fire, water, earth, and air,—  
And every customer takes two pair.



RIDDLE CXXXVI.

AT once to describe my name and my race,  
I often attend on the king in the chase ;  
I also can find 'tis equally pleasant  
To wait on a 'squire, or even a peasant ;  
But when I conceit myself most highly bless'd,  
Is when by a lady I 'm fondly caress'd :  
Yet many a child seems to take a delight  
To treat me with constant ill-humour and spite.  
On me you may always with safety depend,  
And consider me both your protector and friend.

---

RIDDLE CXXXVII.

THERE is a word in the English language, the two first letters of which signify a male, the three first a female, the four first a great man, and the whole a great woman.

## RIDDLE CXXXVIII.

WHAT is that, the more you lay on, the faster it  
wasteth?

---

## RIDDLE CXXXIX.

YE riddling wits, I pray attend  
To one who always was your friend,  
And set me forth in public view,  
Though oft I 'm seen, and nothing new.  
With women I do always dwell,  
From Lady Daw to lowly Nell :  
But on mankind I seldom wait,  
Not even in their greatest state ;  
Unless they to the law belong,  
Then I assist them—in the wrong.  
Had I ne'er been, all people own,  
Nor want nor woe had e'er been known.  
In witchcraft I am known to deal,  
Am much concern'd for public weal ;  
Yet never in the Court abide,  
Nor in the city could reside ;  
But I in every town appear,  
And if you look, you 'll find me there :  
In short I 'm found with every wretch,—  
But hold—'tis needless more to teach.



RIDDLE CXL.

ERE Adam was, my early days began ;  
I ape each creature, and resemble man ;  
I gently pass o'er tops of tender grass,  
Nor leave the least impression where I pass ;  
I 'm seen each day,—if not, be sure, at night  
You 'll ever find me out by candle-light.

---

RIDDLE CXLI.

BEFORE a circle let appear,  
Twice twenty-five, and five in rear ;  
One fifth of eight subjoin ; and then  
You 'll quickly find what conquers men.

## RIDDLE CXLII.

SINCE Diogenes' time, I 'm the least habitation  
'That e'er was contrived in a civilized nation ;  
So far and so wide sure no mortal e'er strolls,  
For I visit all places between the two poles.

---

## RIDDLE CXLIII.

OUR race is either lean or fat,  
As also short or tall ;  
And some of us are often seen  
In chamber, tower, or hall.  
We 've breath, but neither lungs nor voice,  
Nor have we eye nor ear ;  
Though we possess the special knack  
Of making dark things clear.  
One of our brethren attends  
Duly on sick men's beds ;  
And, by his cheerful influence round,  
A gleam of comfort sheds.  
Another always ready stands  
To visit cot or stable ;  
But, 'tis our cousins that abound  
About a rich man's table.

When summer comes with scorching beam,  
The rabble seem to flout us ;  
In winter, all men will confess,  
They cannot do without us.  
On wise or learned, great or small,  
A blessing we bestow ;  
And this you have so often proved,  
That sure our name you know.

---

## RIDDLE CXLIV.

My toils are various and not few,  
I play the household drudge for you ;  
And oft through lane, and street, and alley,  
Officious in my duty, sally :  
Yet was I born for nobler ends ;  
O'er prostrate crowds my voice descends,  
Where fragrant censers round are toss'd,  
And pious breasts devoutly cross'd ;  
Of bridal joy the gay parade  
Were cold and dim, without my aid.  
Oh, would these cares were all the Fates  
Had destined mine !—but yet awaits  
Another and more sad employ ;

When the deep grave has closed o'er all,  
To mourn the wreck of human joy,  
And bid the tear-drops faster fall.

---

## RIDDLE CXLV.

AMONGST the Gnomes we took our birth,  
Embosom'd in our mother earth,  
Where we remain'd in calm repose,  
Till man, the author of our woes,  
Discover'd our retreat at last,  
And now all hope of peace is past ;  
He hacks, he hews, he breaks our bones,  
As if they were so many stones ;  
And then, in sombre garments dight,  
He brings us to the open light—  
But only to insult our pain,  
And throws us into caves again.  
There, in vile durance closely pent,  
The remnant of our life is spent ;  
And, like a second Polypheme,  
Our tyrant hits upon this scheme—  
To choose his victims day by day,  
And on his blazing altars lay :  
And by such means this cruel sinner  
Procures the comforts of a dinner.



RIDDLE CXLVI.

WE are little airy creatures,  
All of diff'rent voice and features :  
One of us in glass is set ;  
One of us you 'll find in jet ;  
One of us is set in tin ;  
And the fourth a box within :  
If the last you should pursue,  
It can never fly from you.

---

RIDDLE CXLVII.

THE beginning of eternity,  
The end of time and space ;  
The beginning of every end,  
And the end of every place.



## RIDDLE CXLVIII.

THOUGH small my extent, yet my service is great ;  
I on admirals, heroes, and trav'lers wait :  
Who oftentimes me as attentively view,  
As astronomers stars, or a lover does you.  
Though I 'm not very learned, I silently teach ;  
And give you that knowledge you else could not reach.

---

## RIDDLE CXLIX.

ALL of us in one you 'll find,  
Brethren of a wond'rous kind ;  
Yet, among us all no brother  
Knows one tittle of the other.  
We in frequent councils are,  
And our marks of things declare,  
Where, to us unknown, a clerk  
Sits and takes them in the dark :  
He 's the register of all  
In our ken, both great and small ;  
By us forms his laws and rules ;  
He 's our master, we his tools ;  
Yet we can, with greatest ease,  
Turn and wind him where we please.



**RIDDLE CL.**

I 'm a very good thing, of a moderate size,  
My heart many curious materials supplies ;  
But men are so cruel, I 'm thrash'd and I 'm beat,  
Till I give up my offspring for mortals to eat.

---

**RIDDLE CLI.**

DESTINED by fate to guard the crown,  
Aloft in air I reign,  
Above the monarch's haughty frown,  
Or statesman's plotting brain.  
In hostile fields, when danger 's near,  
I 'm found amidst alarms ;  
In crowds where peaceful beaux appear,  
I instant fly to arms.

## RIDDLE CLII.

MAKE three fourths of a cross, then a circle complete ;  
Let two semicircles a perpendicular meet ;  
Then add a triangle that stands on two feet,  
With two semicircles and a circle complete.

---

## RIDDLE CLIII.

I 'M form'd of iron, brass, or finest gold,  
Of various sizes, and of diff'rent mould ;  
On crowded quays I constantly appear,  
And often dare to take you by the ear ;  
All hogs to me a rooted hate betray,  
I spoil their mischief and prevent their play ;  
On coffer, chest, or ornamented box,  
I 'm found with nails, with hinges, keys, and locks ;  
The food of vanity, or pledge of truth,  
Confer'd by love on fond unthinking youth ;  
But, should that vanity or truth decay,  
I 'm thought a fetter, and am wish'd away.  
Last, but not least, I am by Heav'n design'd  
To prove a solace to the wounded mind ;  
Like ancient urns adorn'd with care and cost,  
I hold the reliques of a friend that 's lost.

## RIDDLE CLIV.

For me, all Western India yields its stores ;  
Others I seek on Java's sultry shores ;  
The Grecian Islands give a full supply ;  
And fatted oxen, to enrich me, die.  
But yet, though wealthy, mark my fatal doom :—  
Pent in the precincts of a narrow room,  
Thrown into burning caverns, where the day  
Has never pierced with his refulgent ray ;  
Till, panting with intolerable heat,  
I'm served up on the tables of the great.

---

## RIDDLE CLV.

Is it demanded where I dwell ?  
I answer, in a costly cell,  
Reclined upon my mother's bed,  
Where I am nursed and duly fed ;  
But if I quit this loved retreat,  
I'm honour'd by the rich and great :  
The lovely fair, of me possest,  
Will clasp me to her snowy breast ;  
And oft I prove the purest gem  
Found in a royal diadem.

## RIDDLE CLVI.

WHAT is that, which, while it lives, constantly changes its habit ; that is buried before it is dead ; and whose tomb is valued wherever it is found ?

---

## RIDDLE CLVII.

SHARP is my form, my nature sharper found,  
When I am forced to give the fatal wound ;  
Steep'd in black venom, then I strike the heart,  
And keenest pains with slightest touch impart.  
Yet I am used to give the wretched rest,  
And of its burden ease the woe-fraught breast.  
My birth is various, but in every land  
I still can bear the ensign of command.  
Silent, I speak ; my voice in every clime  
Is heard, and shall be to remotest time.  
Honour and praise of right to me belong ;  
'Tis I immortalize the poet's song ;  
'Tis I that can transmit the patriot's name,  
Sacred to ages, on the lists of fame :  
Yet short my date of life, however high ;  
Soon I 'm worn out, and then neglected die.

## RIDDLE CLVIII.

I'm a term often used when speaking of game,  
Though some of my brothers might answer the same ;  
Now, if with a stroke you my head should remove,  
You 'll then have what gamesters and all jockeys love :  
Strike off one joint more, and you 'll know without fail,  
What has brought many hundreds, I fear, to the jail.



## RIDDLE CLIX.

To man, to worms, and to the fruitful earth,  
And beasts of certain kinds, I owe my birth ;  
But I, to gain my form, (oh, cruel shock !)  
Am tortured first, then nailed to a block ;  
Yet, freed therefrom, I greatly am caress'd,  
And in the robes of innocence am dress'd :

I then can shew a thousand circling charms ;  
I too can shield you from aërial harms :  
No wonder, then, if I 'm to pride inclined ;  
Yet, such my lot, I chiefly sit behind ;  
And though in station almost over all,  
I 'm still obliged (hard case !) to 'tend a call ;  
My master, too, does ofttimes me disgrace,  
And nought allows to me but empty space ;  
Permits a tyrant o'er me to preside,  
By whose rude shocks my tender frame 's destroy'd.

---

## RIDDLE CLX.

LIGHT though my body is, and small ;  
Though I have wings to fly withal,  
And through the air may rove ;  
Yet, were I not by nature press'd,  
In ease and indolence I 'd rest,  
And never choose to move.

'Tis beating makes me diligent :  
When beat, and on an errand sent,  
I hurry to and fro ;  
And, like an idle boy at school,  
Whom nothing but the rod can rule,  
Improve at every blow.



**RIDDLE CLXI.**

'Tis true I have both face and hands,  
And move before your eye :  
Yet when I go, my body stands ;  
And when I stand, I lie.

---

**RIDDLE CLXII.**

MYSTERIOUS minstrel ! exquisite to please,  
With thy soft harmony my cares dispel,  
As, floating lightly on the evening breeze,  
Thy notes now gently fall, now loudly swell.  
Yet, that thou 'rt fragile, and not form'd to last,  
Thy slender shape and failing powers proclaim ;  
Too roughly shatter'd by the wintry blast,  
Thou 'rt only ruins and an empty name.



## RIDDLE CLXIII.

I'M sometimes very honest, sometimes not,  
And less sincere at Court than in a cot ;  
Sometimes I pleasure give, and sometimes pain,  
For now I praise bestow, and now disdain.  
The lovelier I appear, when small my throne ;  
Enlarge but this, and all my beauty's gone.  
Few things there are, at least but few I know,  
Which cost so little, and so much bestow.

---

## RIDDLE CLXIV.

IN every gift of Fortune I abound,  
In me is every vice and virtue found ;  
With black, and blue, and green, myself I paint ;  
With me an Atheist stands before a Saint ;  
Far above Nature I make Art precede,  
And before Sov'reigns give the Poor the lead.  
Many who 're call'd the learned and the wise,  
Did I not help them, you would oft despise.  
Nay, more—within my grasp together bound,  
The King, the Beggar, and the Clown are found.  
In one thing I excel the proudest lords,—  
You always may depend upon my words.

## RIDDLE CLXV.

WHEN you and I together meet,  
We make up six in any street ;  
When I and you do meet once more,  
Then both of us make up but four ;  
When I go hence, should you survive,  
Though strange to say, you would be five ;  
If I am left, and you are gone,  
Then I, poor I, can make but one.

---

## RIDDLE CLXVI.

I have three points for your discussion,  
Which men oft think to convey much on ;  
(This rhyme is somewhat Hudibrastic,  
And warrants critic's lash elastic ;  
But, lest the riddle cool the while,  
Pray pass it over with a smile :)  
And yet by entering the head,  
Not much of wisdom thence is bred ;  
Although, to give to them their due,  
I'll this avow : 'tween me and you,  
By means of them the brain is strengthen'd,  
And life by quick digestion lengthen'd.

## RIDDLE CLXVII.

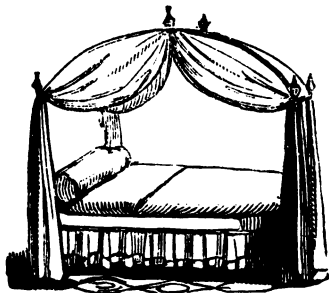
SOMETHING—nothing—as you use me ;  
Small or bulky, as you choose me ;  
Short-lived child of grief and pain,  
Live for a moment—die again.  
Eternity I bring to view,  
The sun, and all the planets too :  
The moon and I may disagree,  
But all the world resembles me.  
If now to know me more you need,  
My wisdom must your wit exceed ;  
For were I farther known to ye,  
No longer mystery there would be.

---

## RIDDLE CLXVIII.

WONDERFUL being ! whose tremendous power,  
In wrath wide rolling o'er each earthly thing,  
Destroys, within the space of one short hour,  
The lowly cot or palace of the king :  
Yet by thy cheering influence alone,  
Infusing pleasure and gay blooming health,  
We leave our country and our darling home,  
In search of science and untasted wealth.

To thee we owe the large and rich supply  
That commerce yields to every favour'd shore ;  
But thou oft caus'est the sad widow's sigh,  
And all the evils orphans most deplore.  
Where thou wert form'd, or whence thy wond'rous birth,  
No mortal yet the secret e'er has found ;  
Yet we acknowledge thy stupendous worth,  
Still felt and dreaded to earth's utmost bound.



## RIDDLE CLXIX.

Form'd long ago, yet made to-day,  
I'm most in use whilst others sleep ;  
What few would like to give away,  
And yet what none would wish to keep.

## RIDDLE CLXX.

POETS and old philosophers affirm,  
Before the world was form'd, I had my birth ;  
They trace to me the origin and germ  
Of all the lovely forms that deck the earth ;  
Indeed, I am not prized at my worth,  
As you in ancient stories may discern ;  
Yet such as wisely me shall entertain,  
Will find a sov'reign balm and cure of every pain.

---

## RIDDLE CLXXI.

WHAT is that which sweetens life,  
Found in sister, friend, or wife ;  
Something more than beauty dear,  
Chasing gloom, dispelling fear ;  
Always gay, yet never changing,  
Slightly through each circle ranging ;  
Bringing joy, content, or mirth,  
To the sweet domestic hearth ?  
This great charm shall ever last,  
Till the days of life be past ;  
And in memory fresh shall bloom,  
Over the lamented tomb,  
When fatal Death has struck the blow,  
And laid his lovely victim low.



RIDDLE CLXXII.

NATURE the richest of her treasures gave  
The artful structure of my frame to build ;  
Though I no proper life nor motion have,  
Mankind to me their awful homage yield.  
Best part of kings imprison'd are by me ;  
To give me place, they gladly think it fit ;  
When rivals seek to give them liberty,  
They 'll fight and die, for fear of gaining it.  
The hands that made me, ne'er my right possess ;  
The hands that gave me, ne'er my owners were ;  
Nor they who win me hardly e'er can guess  
How dearly bought their wish'd-for conquests are.

## RIDDLE CLXXIII.

FOR vigilance and courage true  
I 've no superiors—equals few ;  
Which makes me by th' industrious prized,  
But by the indolent despised :  
Bold and alert, I meet the foe ;  
In all engagements valour shew ;  
And if he prove too proud to yield,  
One falls before we quit the field.

---

## RIDDLE CLXXIV.

By me it is that when good men their course  
Have nearly run, and Nature 'gins demand  
Her last sad debt, inspired, they fear nor death  
Nor ought besides, which to the bad man's soul  
Deep terror strikes, and fills him with dismay.  
By me the lover oft inspired, his suit  
With accent soft, and artful blandishment  
To his fair mistress pleads. The hero bold,  
With steady eye and dauntless courage, views  
The bloody fight, and direful slaughter far  
Extended round, nor thinks of ought but fame,  
As hand to hand with deadly foe engaged.—  
Such wondrous power is mine o'er human hearts.



RIDDLE CLXXV.

DON'T think what I say can be at all wrong,  
For I speak, though I have not a bit of a tongue ;  
Yet ofttimes I 'm quiet for want of my breath,  
And then I am perfectly silent as death.  
But when I am heard, I am always admired,  
And often the breast with devotion have fired ;  
The ear I can charm, and the senses delight,  
Whether heard in the morning, at noon, or at night.

---

RIDDLE CLXXVI.

ALTHOUGH we are but twenty-six,  
We change to millions two ;  
And though we cannot speak a word,  
We tell what others do.



## RIDDLE CLXXVII.

To procure the ingredients my structure demands  
Recourse must be had unto far distant lands ;  
You must pillage the ocean, and murder at sea,  
To obtain a small part of what constitutes me.  
In artful enclosure, a skin on each side,  
Oh, grand imposition ! all favours deny'd,  
My stoutest assistant is barr'd from the light,  
In constant obscurity hid from the sight.  
So enormous a monster as now I appear,  
Devoid of a head, and without any ear ;  
And grant me the favour to raise your surprise,  
In relating my wonderful number of eyes :  
If narrowly search'd, more than thirty you'll find ;  
And, strange to behold, they oft centre behind.  
The food that my kind benefactress bestows,  
I receive at the eyes, as my owner well knows ;  
With the ladies I bear an unlimited sway,  
And always accomplish my labour by day.

---

## RIDDLE CLXXVIII.

Two legs I've got, which never walk on ground ;  
But when I go or run, one leg turns round.



RIDDLE CLXXIX.

IF you 're to idleness inclined,  
A lesson take from me ;  
Though small in body, yet you 'll find  
I work with constant glee.

And lest stern Winter's chilling snow  
Should spread the verdure o'er ;  
While Summer's sun is in full glow,  
I then secure my store.

---

RIDDLE CLXXX.

THERE was a thing a full month old,  
When Adam was no more ;  
But ere that thing was five weeks old,  
Adam was years five score.

## RIDDLE CLXXXI.

I first am found belonging to a god,  
With rapid pinions and a twisted rod ;  
In story next, 'tis said, that I possess  
The power of crowning wishes with success.  
Upon the scholar, I appropriate sit,  
Ensign of learning, and the badge of wit :  
But, what is strange, though not more strange than true,  
I 'm also call'd the badge of folly too.  
I give the soldier half his martial air,  
And I improve and decorate the fair.  
These are my partial triumphs during day ;  
At night, I boast an universal sway ;  
If in the morning many seem to scout me,  
It 's pretty certain they 'll not sleep without me.

---

## RIDDLE CLXXXII.

FROM foreign climes my origin I trace ;  
My hue as varied as my services.  
Without me, vain would be the nurse's care  
To soothe the infant in its fretful mood ;  
The housewife too, my wonted aid would miss ;  
Her pies and puddings would no longer please,  
But to ignoble exile be condemned.

## RIDDLE CLXXXIII.

A tall and slender shape I bear—  
No lady's skin more white and fair !  
My life is short, and doth decay  
So soon, it rarely lasts a day.  
If in the evening brought to light,  
I make my exit during night.

---

## RIDDLE CLXXXIV.

To brass or tin I owe my birth,  
And am a thing of little worth ;  
But yet no matron is without me,  
And woe to her that dares to flout me.  
If placed too near the kitchen fire,  
I with the glowing heat expire ;  
But I drink deep, and soon begin  
At first to hum, and then to sing,  
Till, by degrees, my frenzy grows  
So very strong, it overflows.  
Now calm and sober I become ;  
And, till I drink again, am dumb ;  
But, twice a day (I blush for the confession)  
I fall, at least, into the same transgression.

## RIDDLE CLXXXV.

GREAT numbers do our use despise,  
But yet, at length, they find  
Without our help, in many things,  
They might as well be blind.

---

## RIDDLE CLXXXVI.

I 'M an enchanter, and can soon create  
A magic spell for young, for old, for fair ;  
I give the prodigal a fresh estate,  
And to the childless I present an heir.

Of pining maidens I deceive the woe,  
And make their faithless lovers court their charms ;  
And on the youthful hero I bestow  
The meed of glory won in glitt'ring arms.

To the poor curate I a living give,  
And I ensure the lawyer double fees ;  
I grant the criminal a short reprieve,  
And to the sick I promise health and ease.

But yet, though wide-extended be my power,  
Its whole duration lasts not half an hour.

## RIDDLE CLXXXVII.

My body is quite thin,  
And has nothing within,  
Neither have I head, face, or eye ;  
Yet a tail I have got  
Full as long as—what not ?  
And up, without wings, I can fly.

---

## RIDDLE CLXXXVIII.

I talk of arts, I talk of arms,  
Of lovers' vows, of ladies' charms ;  
Of deeds that erst our sires have done,  
Of foes subdued, of battles won ;  
In moral sentences I preach,  
And, like a second Tully, teach :  
I 'm very learned too, and speak  
Sometimes in Latin or in Greek ;  
Italian—French—I understand ;  
Have Spanish too at my command :  
In short, I am a sapient thing,  
But I can neither dance nor sing ;  
Yet always found, or wrong or right,  
To be a true cosmopolite.

## RIDDLE CLXXXIX.

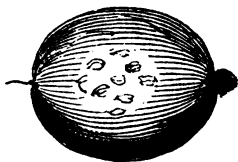
## WONDERS UPON WONDERS !!!

I saw a fishpond all on fire ;  
I saw a house bow to a 'squire ;  
I saw a parson twelve feet high ;  
I saw a cottage near the sky ;  
I saw a balloon made of lead ;  
I saw a coffin drop down dead ;  
I saw a sparrow run a race ;  
I saw two horses making lace ;  
I saw a girl just like a cat ;  
I saw a kitten wear a hat ;  
I saw a man who saw these too,  
And says, though strange, they all are true.

END OF RIDDLES.

# CHARADES.

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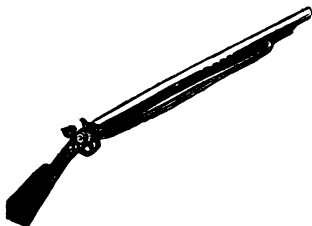


## CHARADE I.

My first is a fowl of good eating,  
Though not at all times of the year :  
My second, without any treating,  
Is found in the hedge that is near.

My whole is a fruit, that is seen  
To flourish in gardens, near bowers ;  
'Tis red, it is yellow, or green ;  
And you like it much better than flowers.





**CHARADE II.**

WITH my first I sometimes warm myself ;  
My second secures the miser's pelf :  
These, when connected will display,  
My third, which is carried every day.

---

**CHARADE III.**

MY first is a contraction for society ; my second  
denotes a recluse ; my third forms a part of the ear :  
and my whole is but a quibble.

---

**CHARADE IV.**

MY first I would venture for ; my second I would  
venture in ; my whole is more talked of than practised.



CHARADE V.

My second is conveyed to my first by the company  
of a friend ; my whole is a product of spring.

---

CHARADE VI.

My first is an insect ; my second a border :  
My whole puts the face in a tuneful disorder.

---

CHARADE VII.

My first brave Nelson yielded, midst the jar  
Of angry battle, and the din of war ;  
My second, when from labour we retreat,  
Far from polite, yet offers us a seat :  
My whole is but my second more complete. }

## CHARADE VIII.

My first, when graceful Delia takes,  
As down the dance she moves,  
The tumult of delight she wakes,  
And every thought is love's.

My second in a red-ruled book  
May oft occasion pain ;  
And cause us many an anxious look,  
Till cross'd and cross'd again.

My whole describes, with nicest care,  
Each object that it treats on ;  
And bids each cautious wight beware  
Of sharpers, when he meets one.

---

CHARADE IX.

Without my first I ne'er should need the aid  
Of Betty (simple soul !) the dairy maid ;  
My second (start not, ladies) claims a place  
As well in your's as in the tiger's face :  
My whole 's elicited by Sol's bright ray,  
To deck the bosom of sweet smiling May.



CHARADE X.

IF, ladies, ye my first require,  
I'm offspring of a stormy sire ;  
My second, on an April morn,  
Hangs pendant from the budding thorn :  
In innocence and beauty too,  
My whole, ye fair, resembles you.

---

CHARADE XI.

IN the word you're to guess, it has ever been reckon'd,  
My first is not only my first but my second ;  
And another remark too, by no means the worst,  
Is, my second's not only my second but first ;  
Turn both well in your mind, all folks will agree  
That you've hit on my whole, by catching of me ;  
But the best of the jest is, though odd it may seem,  
That I don't afford milk, though I do afford cream.



#### CHARADE XII.

SHOULD dame Nature deny you the bliss to inherit  
The charm that attends on a volatile spirit,  
Her niggardly hand my first can supply,  
And call forth the lustre to beam in the eye.

My second's a liquid, though hard as a bone,  
Composed of sand by the help of a stone ;  
And yet, my good friends, I am strongly inclined  
To say it is formed by the power of the wind.

And now I declare that my first has been reckon'd,  
In a certain degree, to depend on my second ;  
Unite then my first and my second together,  
And banish the gloom that's produced by dull weather.



CHARADE XIII.

HAD discontent ne'er known a birth,  
My first had then been blest ;  
But now there 's not a vice on earth,  
But dwells within its breast.

Yet would I not be thought to say,  
No virtue can be found ;  
Sometimes 'tis lighted by its ray,  
Though vices most abound.

My second a defence is found,  
Yet on a table stands ;  
My whole can make a pleasing sound,  
When put in able hands.

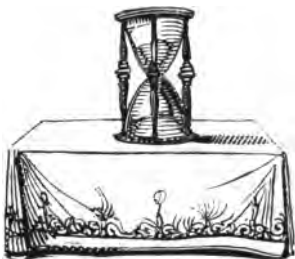
## CHARADE XIV.

THE child of a peasant, Rose, thought it no shame  
To toil at my first all the day ;  
When her father grew rich, and a farmer became,  
My first to my second gave way.  
Then she married a merchant, who brought her to town ;  
To this eminent station preferr'd,  
Of my first and my second unmindful she 's grown,  
And gives all her time to my third.

---

## CHARADE XV.

How inverted and odd is the fate of the slave,  
Who is closely imprison'd before he is taken !  
Such indeed is my first, who can frequently save  
Your health or your spirits, by malady shaken.—  
When the youthful are robbed of their gay recreations,  
And the aged are racked by misfortune and care ;  
When old maids in their prudery frown at flirtations,  
My next is the aspect they commonly wear.—  
With unflinching exertion and desperate zeal,  
By my whole are the deserts of Araby trod ;  
When he sojourns, with high-beating bosom to kneel  
At the impious shrine of his prophet and god.



CHARADE XVI.

DID they but know how great a prize  
My first, well used, would send ;  
Those mortals now who most despise,  
Would claim it for their friend.

But thoughtless youth too soon is pleased,  
And apt to wander wrong ;  
And by my second's aid gets eased  
Of that which seem'd so long.

And you, ye fair, who trifling spend  
The fleeting hours of time,  
The warning of my whole attend,  
And so improve your prime.



## CHARADE XVII.

For thee, my first, what risks are run !  
How many thousands are undone !  
My next a trusty guard at night,  
To ward off harm till morning light :  
My whole oft decks a blooming bride,  
At once her ornament and pride.

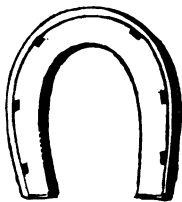
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## CHARADE XVIII.

My first—yet how shall I express  
What language ne'er explained ?  
Ah ! no ; let Anna's eyes confess  
Where its warm influence reigned.

My second, in a leathern case,  
Oft journeys many a mile ;  
And bears to many a distant place  
Affection's anxious smile.

My whole the softest language speaks,  
That fancy can impart :  
It paints with blushes Anna's cheeks,  
But triumphs o'er her heart.



CHARADE XIX.

My first, you must own, is intended to bring  
All urgent despatches of state to the king ;  
The peasant, the postman, the farmer, and 'squire,  
Declare that my first they all greatly admire ;  
And even the soldier with joy will proclaim,  
It help'd to procure him the trumpet of fame.  
Again, I protest, 'tis a bit of dry wood,  
That oft in the kitchen unmoved has long stood,  
But now at the fire I will give it a station,  
And then it shall rise to a high elevation ;  
Though warmth to my first no one good can supply,  
Yet oft it assists in keeping things dry.  
My second with silver is sometimes bedeck'd,  
Yet at others I 've seen it all spotted and speck'd ;

'Tis satin and silver, united together ;  
Again, I have known it composed of red leather.  
My whole by a metal becomes a defence,  
Protecting a part without feeling or sense.

---

## CHARADE XX.

My first is a prop ; my second is a prop ; my whole  
is nothing else than a prop.

---

## CHARADE XXI.

My first, with more than Quaker's pride,  
At your most solemn duty,  
You keep, nor deign to throw aside,  
E'en though it veils your beauty.  
My second, on your cheek or lip  
May kindle Cupid's fire ;  
While from your eye or nose's tip  
It ne'er provokes desire.  
But if my third you entertain  
For your unhappy poet,  
In mercy, Chloe, spare his pain,  
Nor ever let him know it.



CHARADE XXII.

My first's the composer of care,  
That corrodes the recess of the heart ;  
Again, 'tis a foe to the fair,  
And has blunted the edge of love's dart.

My second, though clear to my mind,  
I have not a term to express ;  
'Tis a part and a whole, which you 'll find  
May be used in the forming a dress.

If indolence point at delay,  
To my whole I would have you apply ;  
'Twill prove that old Time will not stay,  
But mows with his scythe till we die.

## CHARADE XXIII.

SOME say my first is nothing, but I know  
It has a meaning from the lips of woe ;  
My second you may take wide as you will,  
O'er wilderness and garden, dale and hill ;  
The planets take it, as they roll on high,  
And wand'ring comets, whirling through the sky.  
No planet is my whole, although a sphere,  
In shape resembling this our world, I bear.

---

## CHARADE XXIV.

MY first is a lie ; my second is a lie : my whole is  
the emblem of innocence.

---

## CHARADE XXV.

MY first is somewhat soft and yellow,  
Especially in Spring ;  
My next a busy meddling fellow,  
For ever on the wing ;  
My whole, like an inconstant rover,  
From fair to fair one flies,  
Till, his career of pleasure over,  
He, drooping, sinks and dies.



CHARADE XXVI.

My first is a term to relate  
A circumstance present or past ;  
And those who are much prone to prate,  
My second will spout away fast.

My whole, in the days of our youth,  
Is what we extremely despised ;  
And though it say nothing but truth,  
Yet it never need hope to be prized.

---

CHARADE XXVII.

WHERE you place your child, is my first—what you  
make your child, is my second—and a court ornament  
is my whole.

## CHARADE XXVIII.

My first does affliction denote,  
Which my second is born to endure ;  
My whole is the best antidote  
That affliction to soften or cure.

---

## CHARADE XXIX.

My first denotes an Irishman,  
A pleasure, and a shock ;  
It often stands before the king,  
And oft before the clock.

My next the kings of France and Spain,  
The kings of England too,  
(Or else they can no longer reign)  
Must all contrive to do.

My whole, although an useful fruit.  
We neither bake nor boil ;  
But you 'll be put in mind of it,  
By corn, and wine, and oil.



CHARADE XXX.

My first is a thing of the quadruped kind,  
But whether domestic or wild,  
A guesser of charades will easily find ;  
And it often is seen with a child.

My second's a vowel, which you must find out ;  
My third is composed of a bone :  
Yet the tusk which is known to be polished and stout,  
In this third has been frequently known.

My whole's the cessation of sorrow and care,  
Where the weary will always find rest ;  
And oft has it proved a relief to despair,  
Which arose from the griefs of the breast.



## CHARADE XXXI.

IF, ladies, ye my first would know,  
You'll find me in a gentle blow ;  
All accountants claim my second—  
A number—'tis by them oft reckon'd :  
My whole, ye fair, oft lends its aid,  
In dirty weather to the maid.

---

## CHARADE XXXII.

My first is equality ; my second is inferiority ; my  
whole is superiority.

---

## CHARADE XXXIII.

ATTRACTIVE first, whose power all hearts obey,  
Whether in milder or more firm array,  
With silent eloquence thou'rt often seen,  
In black, or blue, or grey, but never green.—  
Degrading next ! By tyrants only used,  
With which both brutes and slaves are oft abused ;  
The wise and good despise thy stern control—  
They govern by my first each willing soul.—  
My whole in silken rows my first befriends,  
And from impending ills each hour defends.



CHARADE XXXIV.

ERE Phœbus, with his scorching ray,  
Attains his vertic height,  
My first shall then attend each day,  
Or each succeeding night.

And if the season's very fine,  
And prospect's very fair ;  
Why then my first I'll gladly join,  
To take a little air.

My second, though it's not a ship,  
Yet is with ships connected ;  
And if my first with me will trip,  
Its use shall be inspected.

But if my first don't choose to stir,  
My whole I'll stay and see,  
Though seldom planted out with fir,  
'Tis deck'd with many a tree.

---

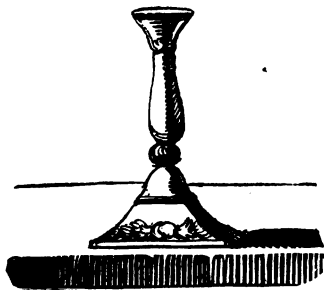
## CHARADE XXXV.

WHEN night brings on her darksome hour,  
And stillness holds her magic power,  
All mortals to my first repair,  
And bid adieu to toil and care.  
My next for various ends design'd,  
Yet oft my first you there will find :  
Within my whole you seek repose,  
Forgetting life and all its woes.

---

## CHARADE XXXVI.

WHEN early Aurora with radiance appears,  
Hear my first cheerly sound o'er the plain ;  
Whilst my feeble-toned second is drown'd to our ears,  
And behold in confusion the swain !  
My whole see the brilliant assembly engage,  
At a ball or a gay masquerade ;  
But more frequently now is confined to the stage,  
For harlequin or his loved maid.



CHARADE XXXVII.

My first will emit a faint light,  
My second to wood has affiance ;  
My whole is high-polish'd and bright,  
And my first on its aid has reliance.

---

CHARADE XXXVIII.

THY freedom, my first, is the Englishman's boast,  
Behold him enraptured ! 'tis liberty's toast ;—  
My next is a term oft applied to a throng  
Of gypsies so jovial, with fiddle and song :—  
My whole is a set of stout desperadoes,  
Who terror create by their feats and bravadoes.



CHARADE XXXIX.

My first is a preposition ; my second a composition  
my whole an acquisition.

---

CHARADE XL.

My first is what gossips do when they meet ; my  
second is eaten with chicken or veal ; my whole is a  
well known port and naval station in Kent.

---

CHARADE XLI.

My first is of the tiger kind ; my second is a prepo-  
sition, at the head of elementary literature ; my third  
is a stanza at the head of an ode ; and my whole is a  
final event, or unhappy conclusion.



CHARADE XLII.

WHEN this earth was divided in parts,  
My first chose a tropical seat ;  
Where the sun sheds its rays and its darts,  
Till the earth is parched up with its heat.

My second all over the globe,  
In various hues, may be found ;  
Sometimes in a fine ermined robe,  
And, again, with a sackcloth tied round.

My whole, in majestic shape,  
Is pleasing to Englishmen's eyes ;  
Yet it 's frequently seen at the Cape,  
And may justly be reckon'd a prize.



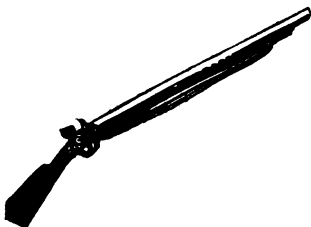
CHARADE XLIII.

My first 's the gayest saddest thing,  
That heav'n to mortals gave ;  
It flutters most on rapture's wing—  
It withers o'er the grave.

My next is sought with toil and pain,  
In various realms to find :  
The search, alas ! how very vain !  
Its home is in the mind.

Just like a sweet and humble flower,  
It seeks the silent shade ;  
It flees the haunts of pride and power—  
Fops, fashions, and parade.

Lady, may'st thou, on whose fair breast  
My whole with beauty glows,  
Enjoy within, that peace and rest,  
Which it alone bestows !



## CHARADE XLIV.

My first, although 'tis undermining,  
Is very useful in refining ;  
And prince and peasant will reveal,  
That each from it great comfort feel.  
My second, it must be confest,  
Occasions us secure to rest ;  
My whole has power to end all strife,  
And can deprive you of your life.

L



## CHARADE XLV.

MY first is part of Adam's race ;  
My next with joy and grief embrace :  
Words are but wind—then do not fear  
My whole, unless th' effects be near.

---

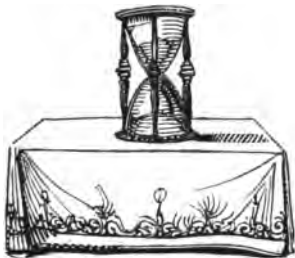
## CHARADE XLVI.

MY first is a man of the most exalted state : my second, though industrious and inured to hardships, is generally a man of low condition, expert at a catch : my whole is a pretty little animal, which, the poets say, was a beautiful though unfortunate lady.

---

## CHARADE XLVII.

WHEN, at the great Omnipotent's command,  
Out of black chaos rose both sea and land,  
My first was made, and had both life and breath—  
Ate, drank, and toil'd like us, and slept in death.  
My next, a creature small, of num'rous race,  
Made subject to my first by special grace :  
My whole, though hard, and sought in burning soil,  
When found, rewards the lab'rer for his toil.



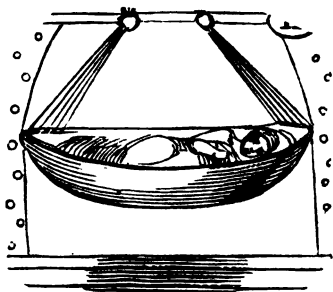
CHARADE XLVIII.

My first is marked by good or ill,  
Or is a blessing or a woe ;  
My second does each purpose fill  
Of use, variety, or show :  
United, they a thing express,  
That 's never found in scenes of pleasure,  
Whose use a moral may impress—  
And of the first it is the measure.

---

CHARADE XLIX.

. My first is to be seen every day in the firmament ;  
my second conquers kings and queens ; and my whole  
is what I would offer to a friend in distress.



CHARADE L.

My first is a dish I admire ;  
Imitation my second attends ;  
My whole is a place to retire,  
On parting from fav'rites and friends.

---

CHARADE LI.

My first is something very bright,  
That's seen in every frosty night ;  
My next a fish so very coarse,  
I think there cannot be a worse :  
My whole once kept a piteous rout,  
As still he cried, " I can't get out !"



CHARADE LII.

THOUGH my first 's a simple thing,  
Yet many hundreds from it spring,  
To men and animals a treat,  
For each will freely of it eat.  
Now I declare it is a flower  
That sweetly scents the verdant bower.—  
And when Aurora's tints are spread,  
Behold my second leave its bed ;  
Undaunted by a sense of fear,  
Its courage now will soon appear ;  
For, when contesting for a prize,  
It never yields, though sometimes lies.—  
My whole, I now beg leave to say,  
Is always deck'd in gay array.

## CHARADE LIII.

MY first the trembling culprit,  
For his offences, fears ;  
When close behind pursuing,  
The scouts of law he hears.

And if in Spain the villain  
His rogueries have done,  
My second he perchance has felt,  
In every aching bone.

My whole the weary soldier,  
Long forced abroad to roam,  
Greets with an eye of rapture—  
His welcome winter's home.

---

## CHARADE LIV.

MY first is ploughed for various reasons ; and grain is frequently buried in it, to little purpose ; my second is neither riches nor honour, yet riches would generally be given for it, and honours are often tasteless without it : my whole applies equally to spring, summer, autumn, and winter.



CHARADE LV.

My first is intended to serve as a guard,  
Although, in its nature 'tis senseless and hard ;  
The wand'ring of error 'tis meant to correct,  
And the straight path of life it with ease can direct.  
My second with mischief too often is fraught ;—  
Again, it is docile, and easily taught,  
The blossoms of virtue are seen to arise,  
And the flow'rs form a wreath to present to the skies.  
Though poverty oft on my whole is attendant,  
It still has the means of becoming resplendent ;  
But such riches would never once purchase renown,  
Because it would use what was never its own.  
When parted from those whom love has connected,  
My whole with anxiety is often expected.

## CHARADE LVI.

WHEN frost and snow o'erspread the ground,  
And chilly blows the air,  
My first is felt upon the cheek  
Of every lovely fair.

In earth's cold bosom lies my next,  
An object most forlorn ;  
For often cruelly 'tis used,  
And trampled on with scorn.

Amid the dismal shades of night,  
My whole is bright and gay ;  
Though dark and gloomy it appears,  
Exposed to open day.

---

## CHARADE LVII.

MY first is equally friendly to the thief and the lover ; my second is light's opposite, though they are frequently seen hand in hand, and their union, if judicious, gives much pleasure. My whole is tempting to the touch, grateful to the sight, but fatal to the taste.



CHARADE LVIII.

My first, I must own, is deception's base child,  
Which has spread, since the hour of its birth,  
Like poisonous plants, which in gardens grow wild,  
And contaminate great lumps of earth.

My second 's a term which myself will express ;  
My third, respiration will stop ;  
My whole is of vegetive kind, I confess,  
And grows with a globular top.

---

CHARADE LIX.

My first is a plaything ; my second few play with ;  
my third plays with nobody.



## CHARADE LX.

MY first is a place where no promises bind ;  
My second is toss'd by each wavering wind :  
My whole is unstable as friendship or weather,  
And those who trust to it rely on a feather.

---

## CHARADE LXI.

MY first does with ladies and lawyers abound,  
And in regular families always is found ;  
My second to water or wind may belong,  
Or to twenty things more, had I room in my song :  
My whole is a thing that its fate does bemoan,  
'Midst a sound that is form'd of a tune and a groan.

---

## CHARADE LXII.

MY first, I hope you are ; my second, I see you are ;  
and my whole I know you are.

---

## CHARADE LXIII.

MY first, ye fair, is ever at your side ;  
My next may guard you from insulting pride ;  
My whole 's an ornament you often wear  
Around your waist, your neck, or flowing hair.



CHARADE LXIV.

BEHOLD my first in sable hue ;  
View it again in azure blue ;  
Sometimes carnation 's not more bright ;  
Again, it seems a milky white.

My second, I must make confession,  
Is a most choice and rich possession,  
Which all enjoy ; for rich and poor  
Possess alike this valued store.

My whole is form'd of glass and lead,  
And always rises o'er our head.



CHARADE LXV.

As spotless as Eliza's mind,  
Behold my first appear :  
Yet in its nature much inclined  
To vary with the year.

My second, let it not seem strange,  
Is sometimes dress'd in sable ;  
Yet so inclined it is to change,  
Its hist'ry seems a fable,

My whole 's a lovely timid form,  
That seems to suffer dread,  
And to escape a rising storm,  
It droops its beauteous head.



**CHARADE LXVI.**

**WHEN** Winter's chilling blasts were fled,  
And Spring's enliv'ning grace  
And blooming blossoms were o'erspread,  
My first then shew'd its face.  
My second is a staff erect :  
My whole shall now appear,  
And when the youthful pairs collect,  
Inspire their hearts with cheer.

---

**CHARADE LXVII.**

My first is a substance that 's light ;  
My second makes many things tight .  
My whole is the key to delight.

## CHARADE LXVIII.

My first 's the source of various good,  
To man and beast supplying food ;  
My next results from cold or fear,  
But quickly flies when aid is near :  
My whole strikes terror to the heart,  
And sometimes rends my first apart.

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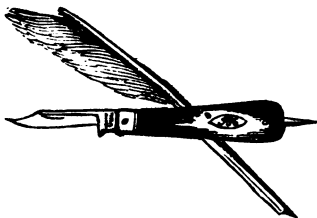
## CHARADE LXIX.

My first, though your house, nay, your life he defends,  
You ungratefully name like the wretch you despise ;  
My second (I speak it with grief !) comprehends  
All the brave and the good, the learned and wise :  
Of my third I have little or nothing to say,  
Except that it tells the departure of day.

---

## CHARADE LXX.

My first a blessing sent to earth,  
Of plants and flowers to aid the birth ;  
My second surely was design'd  
To hurl destruction on mankind :  
My whole a pledge from pardoning heaven,  
Of wrath appeased and crimes forgiven.



CHARADE LXXI.

My first is possess'd of the wonderful art  
Of painting the feelings that glow in the heart ;  
Yet had it not been for my second's kind aid,  
No respect had my first from a creature been paid ;  
The name of my whole I expect you 'll reveal,  
When I tell you it's chiefly composed of bright steel.

---

CHARADE LXXII.

Your cat does my first in your ear—  
O were I admitted as near !  
In my second I've held you, my fair,  
So long that I almost despair ;  
But my prey, if at last I o'ertake,  
What a glorious third I shall make !



CHARADE LXXIII.

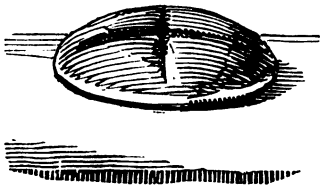
My first is called bad or good,  
May pleasure or offend you :  
My second, in a thirsty mood,  
May very much befriend you.

My whole, though term'd a "cruel word,"  
May yet appear a kind one ;  
It often may with joy be heard,  
With tears may often blind one.

---

CHARADE LXXIV.

My first gives light ; my second gives light ;  
my third gives light.



CHARADE LXXV.

My first in religion has sometimes a part,  
Yet is seen when we travel this nation :  
I sometimes have known it not far from the heart,  
And then 'tis a hateful sensation.

My second is form'd by a junction of wheat,  
And other good things, all in reason ;  
My whole, I declare, is something to eat,  
Yet only at one certain season.

---

CHARADE LXXVI.

My first opposes you ; my second enriches you ;  
my whole is the delight of the notable.





CHARADE LXXVII.

My first is a pleasant regale,  
Which depends on my second's assistance ;  
But though both their efforts should fail,  
My whole may preserve its existence.

---

CHARADE LXXVIII.

My first is a fruit you may every year see ;  
My second 's an idiot, as near as can be :  
Join these two together, and quickly you 'll find  
They 'll make a good dish to please each person's mind.



CHARADE LXXIX.

ARISE with my first when a journey you go ;  
Use my last if your pad is too sluggish or slow :  
In the gayest parterre my whole gains a place,  
And unites varied beauty with richness and grace.

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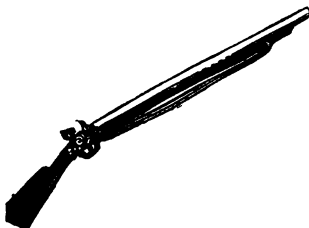
CHARADE LXXX.

MY first is yours ; my second was made for you ;  
my third is used by you.

---

CHARADE LXXXI.

MY first is the lot that is destined by fate  
For my second to meet with in every state ;  
My whole is by many philosophers reckon'd  
To bring very often my first to my second.



CHARADE LXXXII.

My first comforts, deceives, and destroys ; my second  
guards what is most valuable ; my whole is an in-  
strument of destruction.

---

CHARADE LXXXIII.

My first runs black as fabled Stygian lake,  
And oft its streams in plaintive murmurs flow ;  
Firm in the truth my second ever take,  
Lest some rude bolt should lay presumption low :  
My whole 's a cavern, dismal, dark, and drear,  
Where prompt a magic operator stands,  
Whose wond'rous arts can make your thoughts appear,  
And give to distant friends your best commands.



CHARADE LXXXIV.

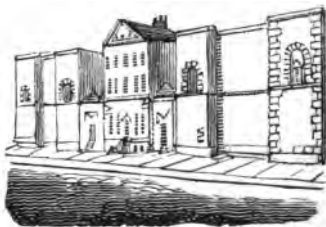
My first with a lock is closely connected,  
And yet is a place for the sick ;  
Sometimes by a guardian is rather suspected  
Of playing his worship a trick.

My second is used both by lawyer and lord,  
And yet with a child may be seen :  
My whole is composed both of brass and of board,  
And its province is clothes to keep clean.

---

CHARADE LXXXV.

My first is myself, and a very short word ;  
My second 's a puppet ; and you are my third.



CHARADE LXXXVI.

My first was ne'er known to be old ;  
My second 's a fence, painted white ;  
My whole 's a complete and firm hold,  
Which is famous for keeping folks tight.

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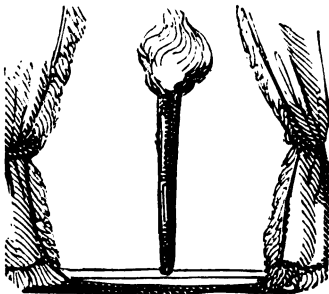
CHARADE LXXXVII.

My first is an obligation ; my second is inevitable :  
my whole is slavery.

---

CHARADE LXXXVIII.

My first is expressive of no disrespect,  
Yet I never shall call it you, while you are by ;  
If my second you are still resolved to reject,  
As dead as my third I shall speedily lie.



CHARADE LXXXIX.

FALLACIOUS first, thy stratagems forbear,  
Nor longer vex with empty hopes the fair ;  
Vain-glorious next, let prudence be thy guide,  
And lay thy pomps and vanities aside :  
Propitious whole, display thy wish'd-for aid,  
And out of darkness lighten my charade.

---

CHARADE XC.

My first is a heir—  
My second's a snare—  
My whole is the offspring of fancy,  
Which I sent, out of play,  
Upon Valentine's day,  
As a token of love, to my Nancy.

## CHARADE XCI.

A mischievous urchin may soon do my first,  
If he meet with a tea-pot or ewer ;  
My second brings on us both hunger and thirst ;  
My whole thirst and hunger will cure.

---

## CHARADE XCII.

My first, if you do, you 'll increase ;  
My second will keep you from heaven :  
My whole—such is human caprice—  
Is more frequently given than taken.

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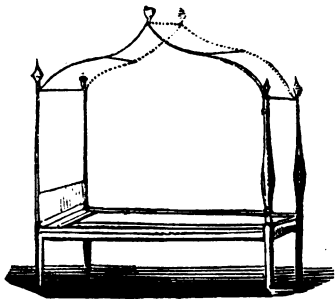
## CHARADE XCIII.

My first is a title of honour ; my second is myself ;  
my third is you and I : my whole is a beautiful fixed  
star, seen in the winter.

---

## CHARADE XCIV.

My first 's my delight to do with a friend ;  
In my garden my second 's my care :  
My whole I 've ne'er done, nor ever intend,  
For this reason—because it 's unfair.



CHARADE XCV.

THE traveller fatigued will say,  
Who having spent a weary day,  
Should my first but bless his sight,  
With it he 'd joyful pass the night.  
Yet too much of my first's possession  
Will sink the spirits to depression :  
Though others will declare again,  
It is a great relief to pain. —  
My second, without any pothor,  
Is a term used instead of *other*.  
My whole, I now declare with joy,  
Acts like Æneas leaving Troy :  
For, give it but a piece of sack,  
It takes my first upon its back.



## CHARADE XCVI.

MY first a man will often take,  
In hopes my next to share ;  
But he who shall possess them both,  
Will find them hard to bear.

---

## CHARADE XCVII.

HAIL ! glorious first, whose beams resplendent rise !  
Thou with my next art welcome to the skies !  
My hallowed whole calm consolation brings,  
And relaxation from all earthly things.

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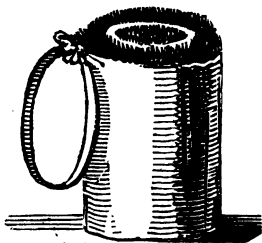
## CHARADE XCVIII.

MY first is a fish ; my second 's a fish ; my third 's  
a fish, and also a fruit.

---

## CHARADE XCIX.

MY first is nothing but a name ;  
My second still more small :  
My whole of so much smaller fame,  
It has no name at all.



CHARADE C.

My first 's a defence against cold ;  
My second of paper is made,  
Although you must likewise be told,  
It is found in the garden and glade.  
Of iron 'tis sometimes composed,  
Of wood, and assisted by steel :  
My first by my whole is enclosed ;  
Now, Ladies, its purpose reveal.

---

c'

CHARADE CI.

My first keeps time ; my second spends time ;  
my whole tells time.

## CHARADE CII.

MY first is the effect of fear ;  
My second oft the cause :  
My whole a name by all held dear,  
Who study nature's laws.

---

## CHARADE CIII.

MY first is the reverse of wild, in its comparative degree ; my second is a narrow street or way ; my whole was a celebrated Tatar chief, who made the Turks feel his power.

---

## CHARADE CIV.

MY first of unity 's a sign ;  
My second, ere we knew to plant,  
We used upon my third to dine,  
If all be true that poets chant.

---

## CHARADE CV.

MY first, whatever be its hue,  
Will please, if full of spirit ;  
My second critics love to do,  
And stupid authors merit.



CHARADE CVI.

WHEN innocence first had its dwelling on earth,  
In my first's lovely form it alighted ;  
And still to this time, from the hour of its birth,  
In my first it has greatly delighted.

My second 's a part of a smart lady's dress,  
Yet on age it may also be found ;  
Again, 'tis a garb when the heart feels distress :—  
My whole will with pleasure abound.

---

CHARADE CVII.

MY love for Eliza shall never know my first ; neither  
shall it be my second : but it shall be my whole.



CHARADE CVIII.

WHEN my first is with trouble oppress'd,  
Oh, could but my second be found !  
My first would no more be distress'd :—  
My whole rises out of the ground.

---

CHARADE CIX.

MY first to support, even Brougham would try,  
And my second would certainly make it :  
My whole I am sure of, when Eliza is by —  
And I heartily wish you may take it.

END OF CHARADES.

## CONUNDRUMS.

---

I.

WHAT do we, when, to increase effect, we diminish the cause ?

II.

IF spectacles could speak, what ancient author would they mention ?

III.

WHY is the nest of the smallest English bird like St. Paul's cathedral ?

IV.

WHAT is the difference between half-a-dozen dozen and six dozen dozen ?

V.

WHY is a lover like a gooseberry ?

VI.

WHY is a lawyer like a tailor ?

## VII.

WHAT is that, which, when brought to table, is cut but never eaten ?

## VIII.

How many sides has a round plum pudding ?

## IX.

WHY is swearing like an old coat ?

## X.

ON which side of the church does the yew-tree grow ?

## XI.

WHAT word is that, which, deprived of its first letter, leaves you sick ?

## XII.

WHERE was Moses, when his candle was blown out ?

## XIII.

WHY is a lobster like a lover ?

## XIV.

WHY is the letter F like Paris ?

## XV.

WHAT is an old woman in the middle of the sea like ?

## XVI.

WHY is one of the cardinal virtues like water nearly frozen ?

## XVII.

WHAT is the difference between a chattering woman and a mirror ?

## XVIII.

WHY is an empty room like a room full of married people ?

## XIX.

WHAT word of one syllable is that, from which if you take away two letters, it becomes a word of two syllables ?

## XX.

WHY is a young lady who works assiduously, like an old lady who cannot work ?

## XXI.

WHAT is the oldest tree ?

## XXII.

WHY do ladies talk least in February ?

## XXIII.

WHY are hay and straw like spectacles ?



## XXIV.

WHEN is a man truly over head and ears in debt ?

## XXV.

WHY is a horse, constantly ridden and never fed, not likely to be starved ?

## XXVI.

TOBIT'S dog walked neither before him, nor behind him, nor on one side of him :—where did he walk ?

## XXVII.

WHY is the death of Socrates like the upper room in a house ?

## XXVIII.

WHAT is smaller than a mite's mouth ?

## XXIX.

WHO dare sit before the king with his hat on ?

## XXX.

IF a blunt penknife could speak, what order of friars would it mention ?

## XXXI.

WHY is an egg underdone like an egg overdone ?

## XXXII.

WHY do we go to bed ?

XXXIII.

WHY are sheep in a fold like a handsome letter ?

XXXIV.

WHY are two laughing girls like the wings of a chicken ?

XXXV.

OF what trade is the sun ?

XXXVI.

WHY is love like a growing potato ?

XXXVII.

WHY is an auctioneer like a man out of breath ?

XXXVIII.

WHY is a spectator like a bee-hive ?

XXXIX.

IF you give a kiss, and take a kiss, what does it make ?

XL.

WHY is a fender like Westminster Abbey ?

XLI.

WHAT is that which goes from London to York without once moving ?

## XLII.

WHAT is that which a coach always goes with, cannot go without, and yet is of no use to either coach or passengers ?

## XLIII.

WHAT is the difference between twice twenty-eight, and twice eight and twenty ?

## XLIV.

WHY is a man sailing up the Tigris like a man putting his father in a sack ?

## XLV.

WHY is a handsome woman like bread ?

## XLVI.

WHAT is everything doing at the same time ?

## XLVII.

IF a man fall out of a window, what will he fall against ?

## XLVIII.

IF Dick's father be John's son,  
What relation is Dick to John ?

## XLIX.

WHY is a poker in the grate like a king's counsel ?

L.

WHAT is that, which, though blind itself, guides the blind ?

LI.

WHAT burns to keep a secret ?

LII.

WHERE did Noah strike the first nail of the ark ?

LIII.

WHY is a clergyman's horse like a king ?

LIV.

WHAT is it which stands still on one foot, and with the other turns round ?

LV.

WHY is an attorney like a beggar ?

LVI.

IN what respect were the governments of Algiers and Malta as different as light and darkness ?

LVII.

WHY is Scottish coal like a true lover ?

LVIII.

WHY are pens, ink, and paper, like fixed stars ?

# SOLUTIONS.

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Come, Sir ; do you know the lessons I have given you ? can you name the days of the week, the months, seasons, &c. ?

Je crois la savoir,  
mais elle étoit bien dure.

Lundi,  
Mardi,  
Mercredi,  
Jeudi,  
Vendredi,  
Samedi,  
Dimanche ;  
un mois,  
Janvier,  
Février,  
Mars,  
Avril,  
Mai,  
Juin,  
Juillet,  
Août,  
Septembre,

I think I know it,  
but it was very difficult.

Monday,  
Tuesday,  
Wednesday,  
Thursday,  
Friday,  
Saturday,  
Sunday ;  
a month,  
January,  
February,  
March,  
April,  
May,  
June,  
July,  
August,  
September,

Octobre,  
 Novembre,  
 Décembre ;  
 un an,  
 une année ;  
 le printemps,  
 l'été,  
 l'automne,  
 l'hiver,  
 l'air,  
 le feu,  
 la terre,  
 l'eau,  
 le vent,  
 la pluie,  
 le tonnerre,  
 les éclairs,  
 la gelée  
 la grêle ;  
 il pleut,  
 il fait beau tems,  
 il gèlera cette nuit,  
 il faisait chaud hier,  
 il fait froid,  
 tonne-t-il ?

October,  
 November,  
 December ;  
 a year,  
 a year ;  
 spring,  
 summer,  
 autumn;  
 winter,  
 air,  
 fire,  
 the earth,  
 water,  
 wind,  
 rain,  
 thunder,  
 lightning,  
 frost,  
 hail :  
 it rains,  
 it is fine,  
 it will freeze to-night.  
 it was warm yesterday.  
 it is cold,  
 does it thunder ?

LE PARESSEUX.

Je crois la savoir, mais elle étoit bien dure. Lundi, Mardi, Mercredi, Jeudi, Vendredi, Samedi, Dimanche ; un mois, Janvier, Février, Mars, Avril, Mai, Juin, Juillet, Août, Septembre, Octobre, Novembre, Décembre ; un an, une année ; le printemps, l'été, l'automne, l'hiver, l'air, le feu, la terre, l'eau, le vent, la pluie, le tonnerre, les éclairs, la gelée, la grêle ; il pleut, il fait beau tems, il gèlera cette nuit, il faisait chaud hier, il fait froid, tonne-t-il ?











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